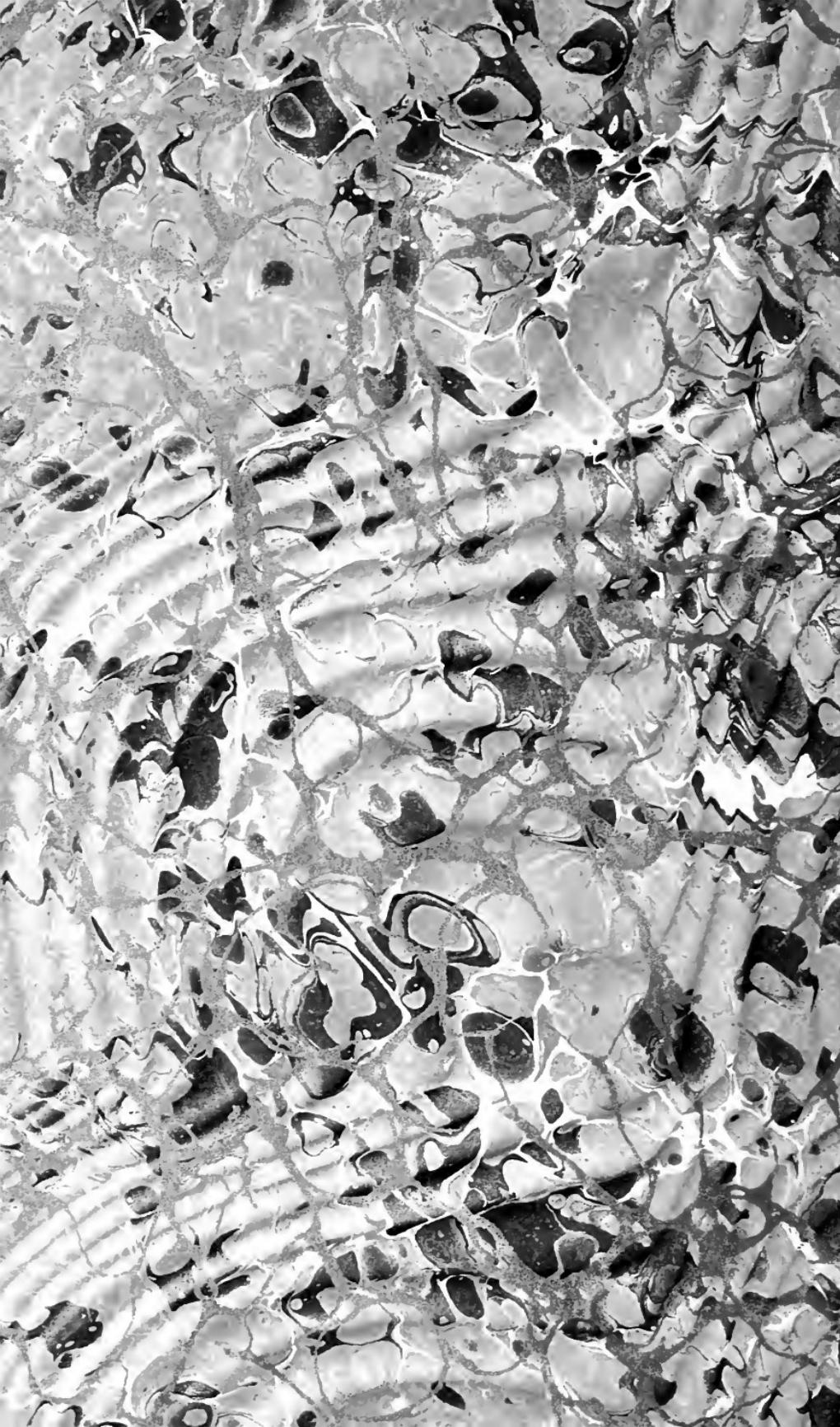


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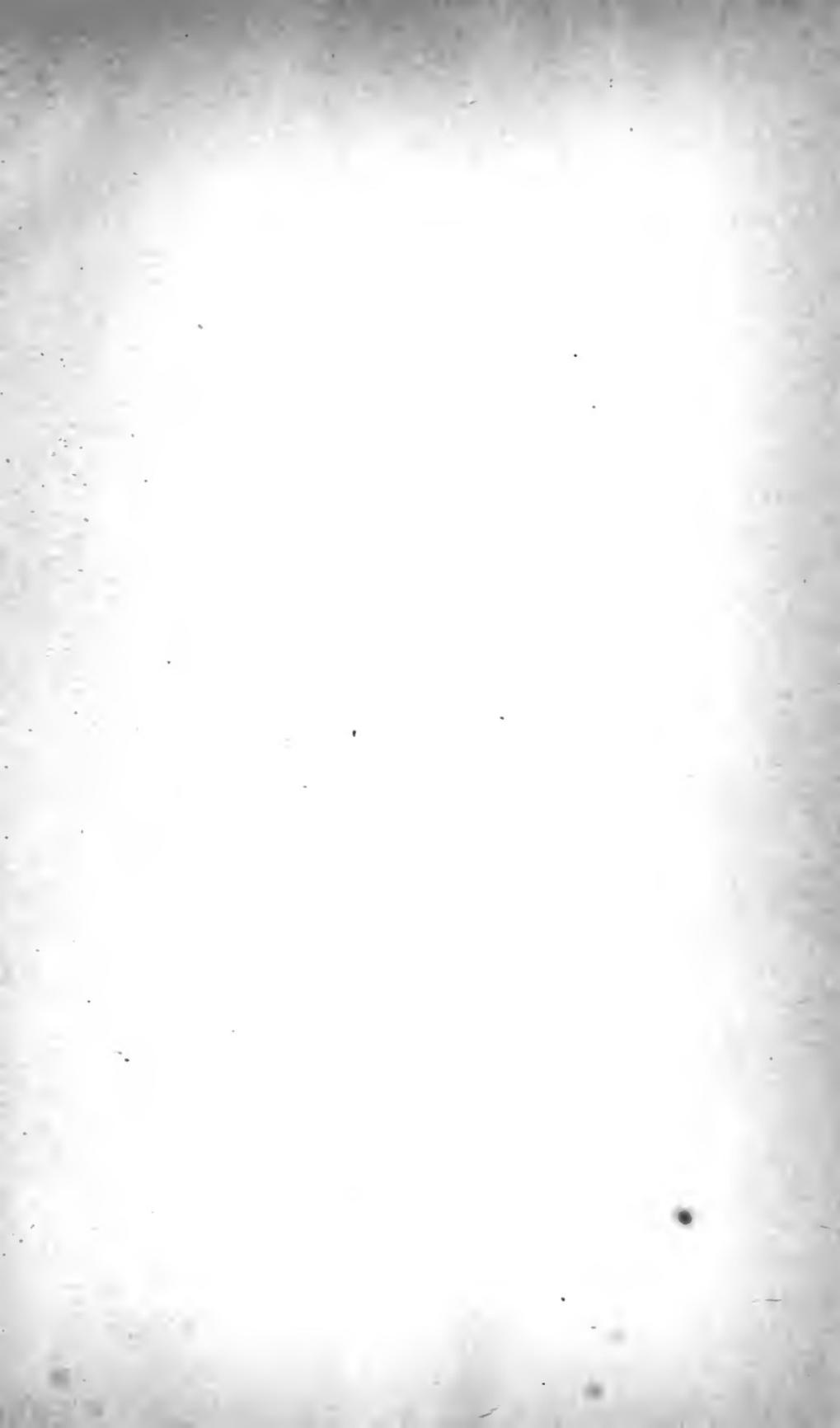


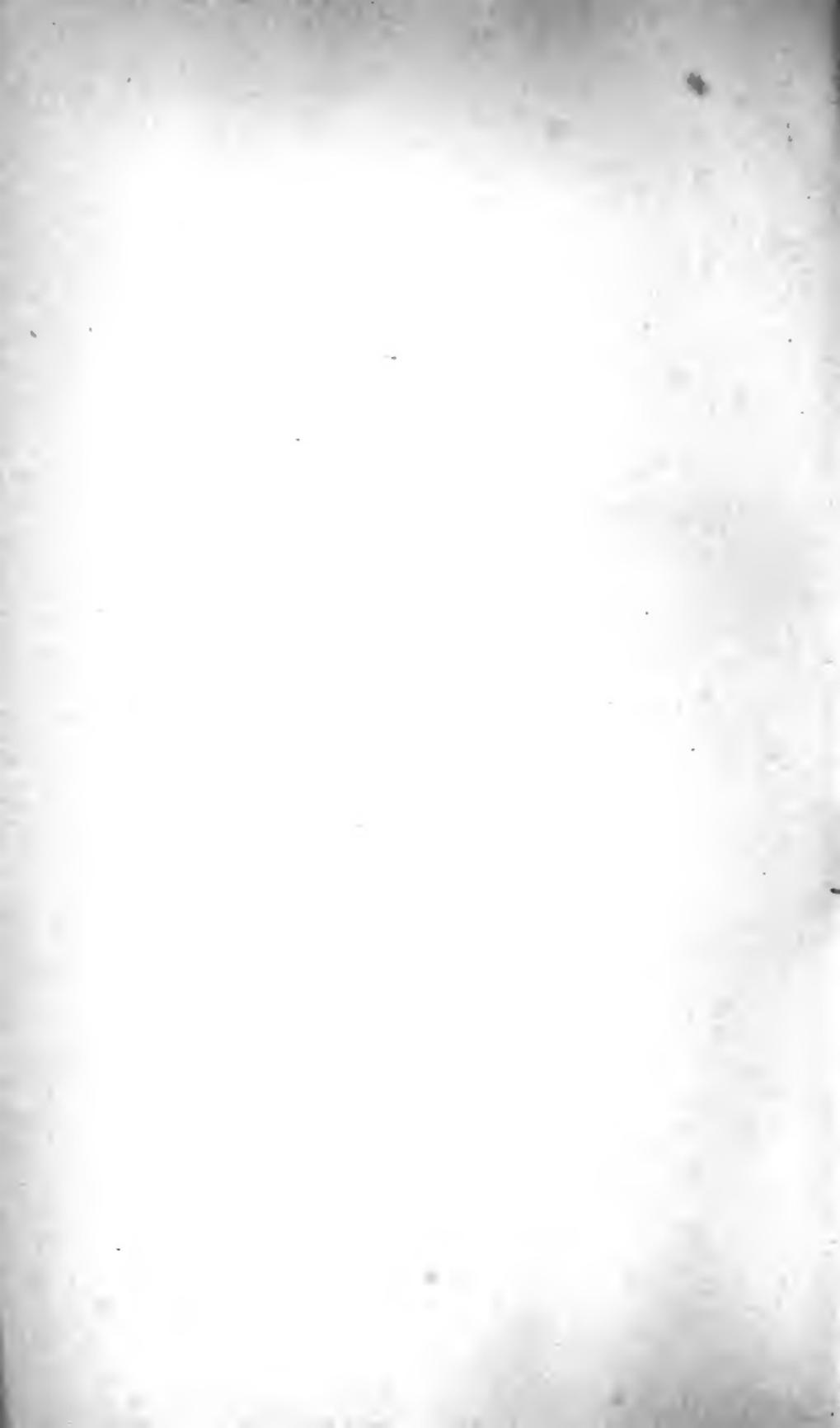






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THE POEMS
OF
OLIVER GOLDSMITH.



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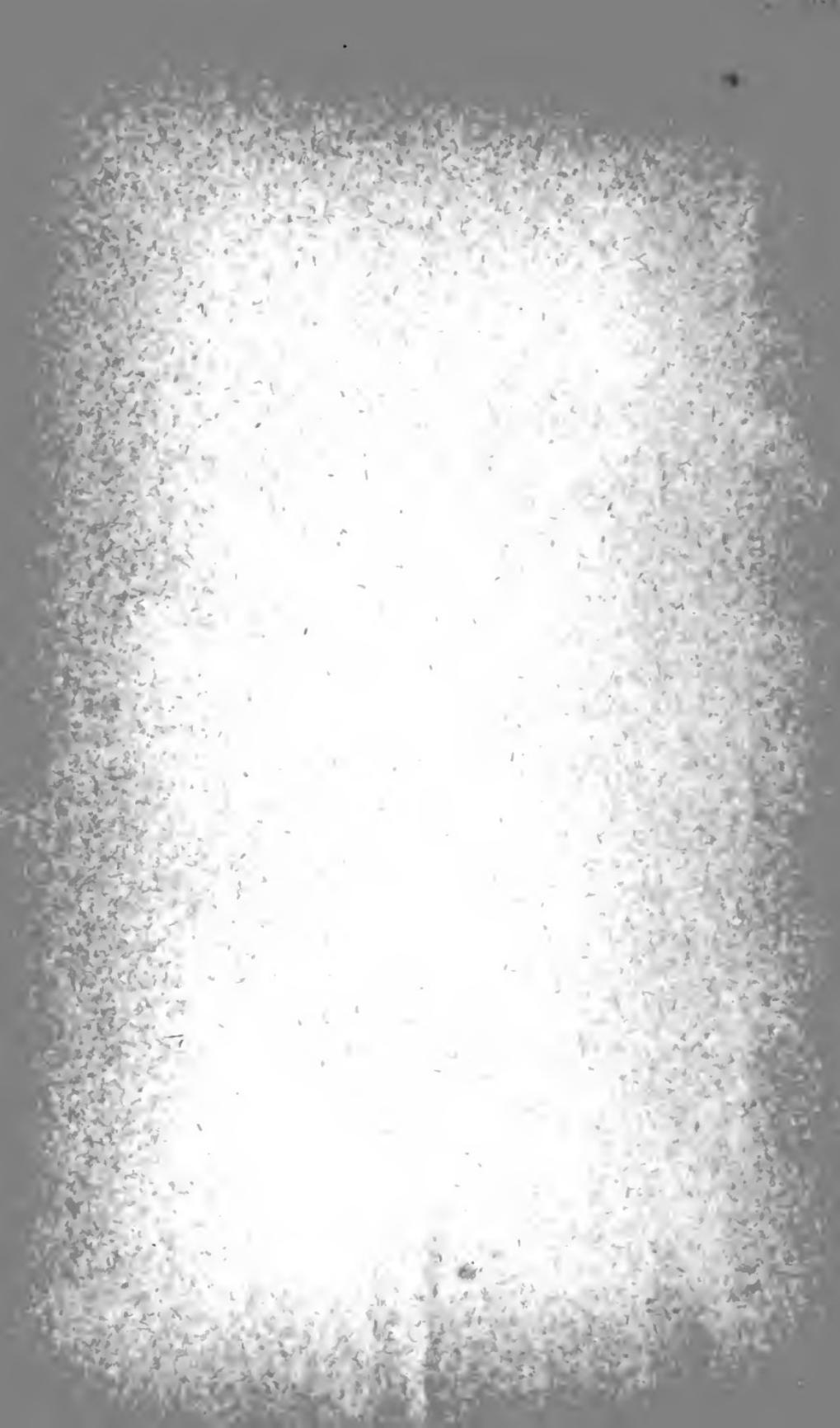
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Oliver Goldsmith

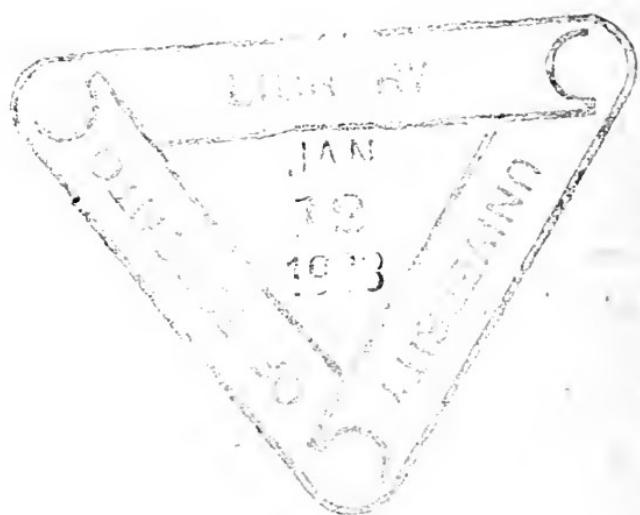




The
Poems
of Oliver
Goldsmith

Edited by
Austin Dobson

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INTRODUCTION.

I.

HIRTY years of taking-in; fifteen years of giving out ;—that, in brief, is Oliver Goldsmith's story. When, in 1758, his failure to pass at Surgeons' Hall finally threw him on letters for a living, the thirty years were finished, and the fifteen years had been begun. What was to come he knew not ; but, from his bare-walled lodging in Green-Arbour Court, he could at least look back upon a sufficiently diversified past. He had been an idle, orchard-robbing schoolboy ; a tuneful but intractable sizar of Trinity ; a lounging, loitering, fair-haunting, flute-playing Irish “buckeen.” He had tried both Law and Divinity, and crossed the threshold of neither. He had started for London and stopped at Dublin ; he had set out for America and arrived at Cork. He had been many things :—a medical student, a strolling musician, a corrector of the press, an apothecary, an usher at a Peckham “academy.” Judged by ordinary standards, he had wantonly wasted his time. And yet, as things fell out, it is doubtful whether his parti-coloured experiences

were not of more service to him than any he could have obtained if his progress had been less erratic. Had he fulfilled the modest expectations of his family, he would probably have remained a simple curate in Westmeath, eking out his “forty pounds a year” by farming a field or two, migrating contentedly at the fitting season from the “blue bed to the brown,” and (it may be) subsisting vaguely as a local poet upon the tradition of some youthful couplets to a pretty cousin, who had married a richer man. As it was, if he could not be said “to have seen life steadily, and seen it whole,” he had, at all events, inspected it pretty narrowly in parts ; and, at a time when he was most impressible, had preserved the impress of many things which, in his turn, he was to re-impress upon his writings. “No man”—says one of his biographers—“ever put so much of himself into his books as Goldsmith.” To his last hour he was drawing upon the thoughts and reviving the memories of that “unhallowed time” when, to all appearance, he was hopelessly squandering his opportunities. To do as Goldsmith did, would scarcely enable a man to write a *Vicar of Wakefield* or a *Deserted Village*,—certainly his practice cannot be preached with safety “to those that eddy round and round.” But viewing his entire career, it is difficult not to see how one part seems to have been an indispensable preparation for the other, and to marvel once more (with the philosopher Square) at “the eternal Fitness of Things.”

II.

The events of Goldsmith's life have been too often narrated to need repetition here, and we shall not resort to the well-worn device of repeating them in order to say so. But, in a fresh reprint of his Poems and Plays, some brief preamble to those branches of his work may be excusable, and even useful. And, with regard to both, what strikes one first is the extreme tardiness of that late blossoming to which Johnson referred. When a man succeeds as Goldsmith succeeded, friends and critics speedily discover that he had shown signs of excellence even from his boyish years. But, setting aside those half-mythical ballads for the Dublin street-singers, and some doubtful verses for Jane Contarine, there is no definite evidence that, from a doggerel couplet in his childhood to an epigram not much better than doggerel composed when he was five and twenty, he had written a line of verse of the slightest importance; and even five years later, although he refers to himself in a private letter as a "poet," it must have been solely upon the strength of the unpublished fragment of *The Traveller*, which in the interval, he had sent to his brother Henry from abroad. It is even more remarkable that—although so skilful a correspondent must have been fully sensible of his gifts—until, under the pressure of circumstances, he drifted into literature, the craft of letters seems never to have been his ambition. He thinks of being a lawyer, a physician, a clergyman,—anything but an author; and when at last he engages

in that profession, it is to free himself from a scholastic servitude which he appears to have always regarded with peculiar bitterness, yet to which, after a first unsatisfactory trial of what was to be his true vocation, he unhesitatingly returned. If he went back once more to his pen, it was only to enable him to escape from it more effectually, and he was prepared to go as far as Coromandel. But Literature—“*toute entière à sa proie attachée*”—refused to relinquish him; and, although he continued to make spasmodic efforts to extricate himself, detained him to the day of his death.

If there is no evidence that he had written much when he entered upon what has been called his second period, he had not the less formed his opinions on many literary questions. Much of the matter of the *Polite Learning* is plainly manufactured *ad hoc*; but in its references to authorship and criticism, there is a personal note which is absent elsewhere; and when he speaks of the tyranny of publishers, the sordid standards of criticism, and the forlorn and precarious existence of the hapless writer for bread, he is evidently reproducing a condition of things with which he had become familiar during his brief bondage on the *Monthly Review*. As to his personal views on poetry in particular, it is easy to collect them from this, and later utterances. Against blank verse he protests from the first, as suited only to the sublimest themes—which is a polite way of shelving it altogether; while in favour of rhyme he alleges that the very restriction stimulates the fancy, as a fountain plays higher when the aperture is

diminished. Blank verse, too (he asserted), imported into poetry a “disgusting solemnity of manner” which was fatal to “agreeable trifling,” —an objection intimately connected with the feeling which afterwards made him the champion on the stage of character and humour. Among the poets who were his contemporaries and immediate predecessors, his likes and dislikes were strong. He fretted at the fashion which Gray’s *Elegy* set in poetry; he considered it a fine poem, but “overloaded with epithet,” and he deplored the remoteness and want of emotion which distinguished the Pindaric Odes. Yet from many indications in his own writings, he seems to have genuinely appreciated the work of Collins. Churchill, and Churchill’s satire, he detested. With Young he had some personal acquaintance, and had attentively read his *Night Thoughts*. Of the poets of the last age, he admired Dryden, Pope and Gay, but more than any of these, if imitation is to be regarded as the proof of sympathy, Prior, Addison and Swift. By his inclinations and his training, indeed, he belonged to this school. But he was in advance of it in thinking that poetry, however didactic after the fashion of his own day, should be simple in its utterance and directed at the many rather than the few. This is what he meant when, from the critical elevation of Griffiths’ back parlour, he recommended Gray to take the advice of Isocrates, and “study the people.” If, with these ideas, he had been able to divest himself of the “warbling groves” and “finny deeps” of the Popesque vocabulary (of much of the more “me-

chanic art" of that supreme artificer he *did* successfully divest himself), it would have needed but little to make him a prominent pioneer of the new school which was coming with Cowper. As it is, his poetical attitude is a little that intermediate one of Longfellow's maiden—

" Standing, with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet."

Most of his minor and earlier pieces are imitative. In *A New Simile*, and *The Logicians Refuted*, Swift is his acknowledged model; in *The Double Transformation* it is Prior, modified by certain theories personal to himself. He was evidently well acquainted with collections like the *Ménagiana*, and with the French minor poets of the eighteenth century, many of which latter were among his books at his death. These he had carefully studied, probably during his continental wanderings, and from them he derives, like Prior, much of his grace and metrical buoyancy. The *Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog*, and *Madam Blaize*, are both more or less constructed on the old French popular song of the hero of Pavia, Jacques de Chabannes, Seigneur de la Palice (sometimes Galisse), with, in the case of the former, a tag from an epigram by Voltaire, the original of which is in the Greek Anthology, though Voltaire simply "conveyed" his version from an anonymous French predecessor. Similarly the lively stanzas *To Iris, in Bow Street*, the lines to Myra, the quatrain called *A South American Ode*, and that *On a Beautiful Youth struck blind*

with *Lightning*, are all confessed or unconfessed translations. It is possible that if Goldsmith had lived to collect his own works, he would have announced the source of his inspiration in these instances as well as in one or two other cases—the epitaph on Ned Purdon, for example,—where it has been reserved to his editors to discover his obligations. On the other hand, he might have contended, with perfect justice, that whatever the source of his ideas, he had made them his own when he got them ; and certainly in lilt and lightness, the lines *To Iris* are infinitely superior to those of La Monnoye, on which they are based. But even a fervent admirer may admit that, dwelling as he did in this very vitreous palace of Gallic adaptation, one does not expect to find him throwing stones at Prior for borrowing from the French, or commenting solemnly in the life of Parnell upon the heinousness of plagiarism. “It was the fashion,” he says, “with the wits of the last age, to conceal the places from whence they took their hints or their subjects. A trifling acknowledgment would have made that lawful prize, which may now be considered as plunder.” He might judiciously have added to this latter sentence the quotation which he struck out of the second issue of the *Polite Learning*,—“*Haud inexpertus loquor.*”

Of his longer pieces, *The Traveller* was apparently suggested to him by Addison’s *Letter from Italy to Lord Halifax*, a poem to which, in his preliminary notes to the *Beauties of English Poesy*, he gives significant praise. “There is in it,” he says, “a strain of political thinking that

was, at that time, new in our poetry." He obviously intended that *The Traveller* should be admired for the same reason; and both in that poem and its successor, *The Deserted Village*, he lays stress upon the political import of his work. The one, we are told, is to illustrate the position that the happiness of the subject is independent of the goodness of the Sovereign; the other, to deplore the increase of luxury and the miseries of depopulation. But, as a crowd of commentators have pointed out, it is hazardous for a poet to meddle with "political thinking," however much, under George the Second, it may have been needful to proclaim a serious purpose. If Goldsmith had depended solely upon the professedly didactic part of his attempt, his work would be as dead as *Freedom*, or *Sympathy*, or any other of Dodsley's forgotten quartos. Fortunately he did more than this. Sensibly or insensibly, he suffused his work with that philanthropy which is "not learned by the royal road of tracts, and platform speeches, and monthly magazines," but by personal commerce with poverty and sorrow; and he made his appeal to that clinging love of country, of old association, of "home-bred happiness," of innocent pleasure, which, with Englishmen, is never made in vain. Employing the couplet of Pope and Johnson, he has added to his measure a suavity that belonged to neither; but the beauty of his humanity and the tender melancholy of his wistful retrospect hold us more strongly and securely than the studious finish of his style.

"*Vingt fois sur le métier remettez votre ouvrage*"

—said the arch-critic whose name, according to Keats, the school of Pope displayed upon their “decrepit standard.” Even in *The Traveller* and *The Deserted Village*, there are indications of over-labour; but in a poem which comes between them—the once famous *Edwin and Angelina*—Goldsmith certainly carried out Boileau’s maxim to the full. The first privately-printed version differs considerably from that in the first edition of the *Vicar*; this again is altered in the fourth; and there are other variations in the piece as printed in the *Poems for Young Ladies*. “As to my ‘Hermit,’ ” said the poet complacently, “that poem, Cradock, cannot be amended,” and undoubtedly it has been skilfully wrought. But it is impossible to look upon it now with the unpurged eyes of those upon whom the *Reliques of Ancient Poetry* had but recently dawned, still less to endorse the verdict of Sir John Hawkins that “it is one of the finest poems of the lyric kind that our language has to boast of.” Its over-soft prettiness is too much that of the chromo-lithograph or the Parian bust (the porcelain, not the marble), and its “beautiful simplicity” is in parts perilously close upon that inanity which Johnson, whose sturdy good sense not even friendship could silence, declared to be the characteristic of much of Percy’s collection. It is instructive as a study of poetical progress to contrast it with a ballad of our own day in the same measure—the *Talking Oak* of Tennyson.

The remaining poems of Goldsmith, excluding the *Captivity*, and the admittedly occasional

Threnodia Augustalis, are not open to the charge of fictitious simplicity, or of that hyper-elaboration, which, in the words of the poet just mentioned, makes for the “ripe and rotten.” The gallery of kit-cats in *Retaliation*, and the delightful *lonhomie* of *The Haunch of Venison* need no commendation. In kindly humour and not unkindly satire Goldsmith was at his best, and the imperishable portraits of Burke and Garrick and Reynolds, and the imitable dinner at which Lord Clare’s pasty was *not*, are as well known as any of the stock passages of *The Deserted Village* or *The Traveller*, though they have never been babbled “*in extremis vicis*” by successive generations of schoolboys. It is usually said, probably with truth, that in these poems and the delightful *Letter to Mrs. Bunbury*, Goldsmith’s metre was suggested by the cantering anapests of the *New Bath Guide*, and it is to be observed that “Little Comedy’s” letter of invitation is to the same popular tune. But in annotating this edition, some enquiries as to the song of *Ally Croaker* mentioned in *She Stoops to Conquer*, elicited the fact that a line of that once popular lyric—

“Too dull for a wit, too grave for a joker”—
has a kind of echo in the—

“Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit”—
of Burke’s portrait in *Retaliation*. What is still more remarkable is that Gray’s *Sketch of his own Character*, the resemblance of which to Goldsmith has been pointed out by his editors, begins—

“Too poor for a bribe, and too proud to importune.”

Whether Goldsmith was thinking of Anstey or *Ally Croaker*, it is at least worthy of passing notice that an Irish song of no particular literary merit should have succeeded in haunting the two foremost poets of their day.

III.

Poetry brought Goldsmith fame, but money only indirectly. Those Saturnian days of the subscription-edition, when Pope and Gay and Prior counted their gains by thousands, were over and gone. He had arrived, it has been well said, too late for the Patron, and too early for the Public. Of his lighter pieces the best were posthumous; the rest were either paid for at hack prices or not at all. For *The Deserted Village* Griffin gave him a hundred guineas, a sum so unexampled as to have prompted the pleasant legend that he returned it. For *The Traveller* the only payment that can be definitely traced is £21. “I cannot afford to court the draggle-tail Muses,” he said laughingly to Lord Lisburn, “they would let me starve; but by my other labours I can make shift to eat, and drink, and have good clothes.” It was in his “other labours” that his poems helped him. The booksellers who would not or could not remunerate him adequately for delayed production and minute revision, were willing enough to secure the sanction of his name for humbler journey-work. If he was ill-paid for *The Traveller*, he was not ill-paid for the *Beauties of English Poesy* or the *History of Animated Nature*.

Yet, notwithstanding his ready pen, and his skill

as a compiler, his life was a *métier de force*. “While you are nibbling about elegant phrases, I am obliged to write half a volume,”—he told his friend Cradock; and it was but natural that he should desire to escape into walks where he might accomplish something “for his own hand,” by which, at the same time, he might exist. Fiction he had already essayed. Nearly two years before *The Traveller* appeared, he had written a story about the length of *Joseph Andrews*, for which he had received little more than a third of the sum paid by Andrew Millar to Fielding for his burlesque of Richardson’s *Pamela*. But obscure circumstances delayed the publication of the *Vic.r of Wakefield* for four years, and when at last it was issued, its first burst of success—a success, as far as can be ascertained, productive of no further profit to its author—was followed by a long period during which the sales were languid and uncertain. There remained the stage, with its two-fold allure-
ment of fame and fortune, both payable at sight, added to which it was always possible that a popular play, in those days when plays were bought to read, might find a brisk market in book form. The prospect was a tempting one, and it is scarcely surprising that Goldsmith, weary of the “dry drudgery at the desk’s dead wood,” and conscious of better things within him, should engage in that most tantalizing of all enterprises, the pursuit of dramatic success.

For acting and actors he had always shown a decided partiality.¹ Vague stories, based, in all

¹ This is not inconsistent with the splenetic utterances in

probability, upon the references to strolling players in his writings, hinted that he himself had once worn the comic mask as "Scrub" in *The Beaux' Stratagem*; and it is clear that soon after he arrived in England, he had completed a tragedy, for he read it in manuscript to a friend. That he had been besides an acute and observant playgoer, is plain from his excellent account in *The Bee of Mademoiselle Clairon*, whom he had seen at Paris, and from his sensible notes in the same periodical on "gestic lore" as exhibited on the English stage. In his *Polite Learning in Europe*, he had followed up Ralph's *Case of Authors by Profession*, by protesting against the despotism of managers, and the unenlightened but economical policy of producing only the works of deceased playwrights; and he was equally opposed to the growing tendency on the part of the public—a tendency dating from Richardson and the French *comédie larmoyante*—to substitute sham sensibility and superficial refinement for that humorous delineation of manners, which, with all their errors of morality and taste, had been the chief aim of Congreve and his contemporaries. To the fact that what was now known as "genteel comedy" had almost wholly supplanted this elder and better

the letters to Daniel Hodson, first made public in the "Great Writers" *Life of Goldsmith*, where he speaks of the stage as "an abominable resource which neither became a man of honour, nor a man of sense." Those letters were written when the production of *The Good-Natur'd Man* had supplied him with abundant practical evidence of the vexations and difficulties of theatrical ambition.

manner, must be attributed his deferred entry upon a field so obviously adapted to his gifts. But when, in 1766, the *Clandestine Marriage* of Garrick and Colman, with its evergreen "Lord Ogleby," seemed to herald a return to the side of laughter as opposed to that of tears, he took heart of grace, and, calling to mind something of the old inconsiderate benevolence which had been the Goldsmith family-failing, set about his first comedy, *The Good-Natur'd Man*.

Even without experiment, no one could have known better than Goldsmith, upon what a sea of troubles he had embarked. Those obstacles which, more than thirty years before, had been so graphically described in Fielding's *Pasquin*,—which Goldsmith himself had indicated with equal accuracy in his earliest book, still lay in the way of all dramatic purpose, and he was to avoid none of them. When he submitted his completed work to Garrick, the all-powerful actor, who liked neither piece nor author, blew hot and cold so long, that Goldsmith at last, in despair, transferred it to Colman. But, as if fate was inexorable, Colman, after accepting it effusively, also grew dilatory, and ultimately entered into a tacit league with Garrick not to produce it at Covent Garden until his former rival had brought out at Drury Lane a comedy by Goldsmith's countryman, Hugh Kelly, a sentimentalist of the first water. Upon the heels of the enthusiastic reception which Garrick's administrative tact secured for the superfine *imbroglios* of *False Delicacy*, came limping *The Good-Natur'd Man* of Goldsmith, wet-

blanketed beforehand by a sententious prologue from Johnson. No *début* could have been less favourable. Until it was finally saved in the fourth act by the excellent art of Shuter, its fate hung trembling in the balance, and even then one of its scenes—not afterwards reckoned the worst—had to be withdrawn in deference to the delicate scruples of an audience which could not suffer such inferior beings as bailiffs to come between the wind and its gentility. Yet, in spite of all these disadvantages, *The Good-Natur'd Man* obtained a hearing, besides bringing its author about five hundred pounds, a sum far larger than anything he had ever made by poetry or fiction.

That the superior success of *False Delicacy*, with its mincing morality and jumble of inadequate motive, was wholly temporary and accidental, is evident from the fact that, to use a felicitous phrase, it has now to be disinterred in order to be discussed. But, notwithstanding one's instinctive sympathy for Goldsmith in his struggles with the managers, it is not equally clear that, everything considered, *The Good-Natur'd Man* was unfairly treated by the public. Because Kelly's play was praised too much, it by no means follows that Goldsmith's play was praised too little. With all the advantage of its author's reputation, it has never since passed into the *répertoire*, and, if it had something of the freshness of a first effort, it had also its inexperience. The chief character, Honeywood—the weak and amiable “good-natur'd man”—never stands very firmly on his feet, and the first actor, Garrick's promising young

rival, Powell, failed, or disdained to make it a stage creation. On the other hand, "Croaker," an admitted elaboration of Johnson's sketch of "Susprious" in the *Rambler*, is a first-rate comic character, and the charlatan "Lofty," a sort of "Beau-Tibbs-above-Stairs," is almost as good. But, as Garrick's keen eye saw, to have a second male figure of greater importance than the central personage was a serious error of judgment, added to which neither "Miss Richland" nor "Mrs. Croaker" ever establish any hold upon the audience. Last of all, the plot, such as it is, cannot be described as either particularly ingenious or particularly novel. In another way, the merit of the piece is, however, incontestable. It is written with all the perspicuous grace of Goldsmith's easy pen, and, in the absence of stage-craft, sparkles with neat and effective epigrams. One of these may be mentioned as illustrating the writer's curious (perhaps unconscious) habit of repeating ideas which had pleased him. He had quoted in his *Polite Learning* the exquisitely rhythmical close of Sir William Temple's prose essay on "Poetry," and in *The Bee* it still seems to haunt him. In *The Good-Natur'd Man* he has absorbed it altogether, for he places it, without inverted commas, in the lips of Croaker.

But, if its lack of constructive power and its errors of conception make it impossible to regard *The Good-Natur'd Man* as a substantial gain to humorous drama, it was undoubtedly a formidable attack upon that "mawkish drab of spurious breed," Sentimental Comedy, and its success was

amply sufficient to justify a second trial. That Goldsmith did not forthwith make this renewed effort must be attributed partly to the recollection of his difficulties in getting his first play produced, partly to the fact that, his dramatic gains exhausted, he was almost immediately involved in a sequence of laborious taskwork. Still, he had never abandoned his ambition to restore humour and character to the stage ; and as time went on, the sense of his past discouragements grew fainter, while the success of *The Deserted Village* increased his importance as an author. Sentimentalism, in the meantime, had still a majority. Kelly, it is true, was now no longer to be feared. His sudden good fortune had swept him into the ranks of the party-writers, with the result that the damning of his next play, *A Word to the Wise*, had been exaggerated into a political necessity. But the school which he represented had been recruited by a much abler man, Richard Cumberland, and it was probably the favourable reception of Cumberland's *West Indian* that stimulated Goldsmith into striking one more blow for legitimate comedy. At all events, in the autumn of the year in which *The West Indian* was produced, he is hard at work in the lanes at Hendon and Edgware, "studying jests with a most tragical countenance" for a successor to *The Good-Natur'd Man*.

To the modern spectator of *She Stoops to Conquer*, with its unflagging humour and bustling action, it must seem almost inconceivable that its stage qualities can ever have been questioned. Yet questioned they undoubtedly were, and Goldsmith

was spared none of his former humiliations. Even from the outset, all was against him. His differences with Garrick had long been adjusted, and the Drury Lane manager would now probably have accepted a new play from his pen, especially as that astute observer had already detected signs of a reaction in the public taste. But Goldsmith was morally bound to Colman and Covent Garden ; and Colman, in whose hands he placed his manuscript, proved even more disheartening and unmanageable than Garrick had been in the past. Before he had come to his decision, the close of 1772 had arrived. Early in the following year, under the irritation of suspense and suggested amendments combined, Goldsmith hastily transferred his proposal to Garrick ; but, by Johnson's advice, as hastily withdrew it. Only by the express interposition of Johnson was Colman at last induced to make a distinct promise to bring out the play at a specific date. To believe in it, he could not be persuaded, and his contagious anticipations of its failure passed insensibly to the actors, who, one after the other, shuffled out of their parts. Even over the epilogue there were vexatious disputes, and when at last, in March, 1773, *She Stoops to Conquer* was acted, its *jeune premier* had previously held no more exalted position than that of ground-harlequin, while one of its most prominent characters had simply been a post-boy in *The Good-Natur'd Man*. But once fairly upon the boards neither lukewarm actors nor an adverse manager had any further influence over it, and the doubts of everyone vanished in

the uninterrupted applause of the audience. When, a few days later, it was printed with a brief and grateful dedication to its best friend, Johnson, the world already knew with certainty that a fresh masterpiece had been added to the roll of English Dramatic Literature, and that “gentlel comedy” had received a decisive blow.

The effect of this blow, it must be admitted, had been aided not a little by the appearance, only a week or two earlier, of Foote’s clever puppet-show of *The Handsome Housemaid; or, Piety in Pattens*, which was openly directed at Kelly and his following. But ridicule by itself, without some sample of a worthier substitute, could not have sufficed to displace a persistent fashion. This timely antidote *She Stoops to Conquer*, in the most unmistakable way, afforded. From end to end of the piece there is not a sickly or a maudlin word. Even Sheridan, writing *The Rivals* two years later, thought it politic to insert “Faulkland” and “Julia” for the benefit of the sentimentalists. Goldsmith made no such concession, and his wholesome hearty merriment put to flight the Comedy of Tears, —even as the Coquecigrues vanished before the large-lunged laugh of Pantagruel. If, as Johnson feared, his plot bordered slightly upon farce—and of what good comedy may this not be said?—at least it can be urged that its most farcical incident, the mistaking of a gentleman’s house for an inn, had really happened, since it had happened to the writer himself. But the superfine objections of Walpole and his friends are now ancient

history,—history so ancient that it is scarcely credited, while Goldsmith's manly assertion (after Fielding) of the author's right "to stoop among the low to copy nature," has been ratified by successive generations of novelists and playwrights. What is beyond dispute is the healthy atmosphere, the skilful setting, the lasting freshness and fidelity to human nature of the persons of his drama. Not content with the finished portraits of the Hardcastles (a Vicar and Mrs. Primrose promoted to the squirearchy),—not content with the incomparable and unapproachable Tony, the author has managed to make attractive what is too often insipid, his heroines and their lovers. Miss Hardcastle and Miss Neville are not only charming young women, but charming characters, while Marlow and Hastings are much more than stage young men. And let it be remembered—it cannot be too often remembered—that in returning to those Farquhars and Vanbrughs "of the last age," who differed so widely from the Kellys and Cumberlands of his own, Goldsmith has brought back no taint of their baser part. Depending solely for its avowed intention to "make an audience merry," upon the simple development of its humorous incident, his play (wonderful to relate!) attains its end without resorting to impure suggestion or equivocal intrigue. Indeed, there is but one married woman in the piece, and she traverses it without a stain upon her character.

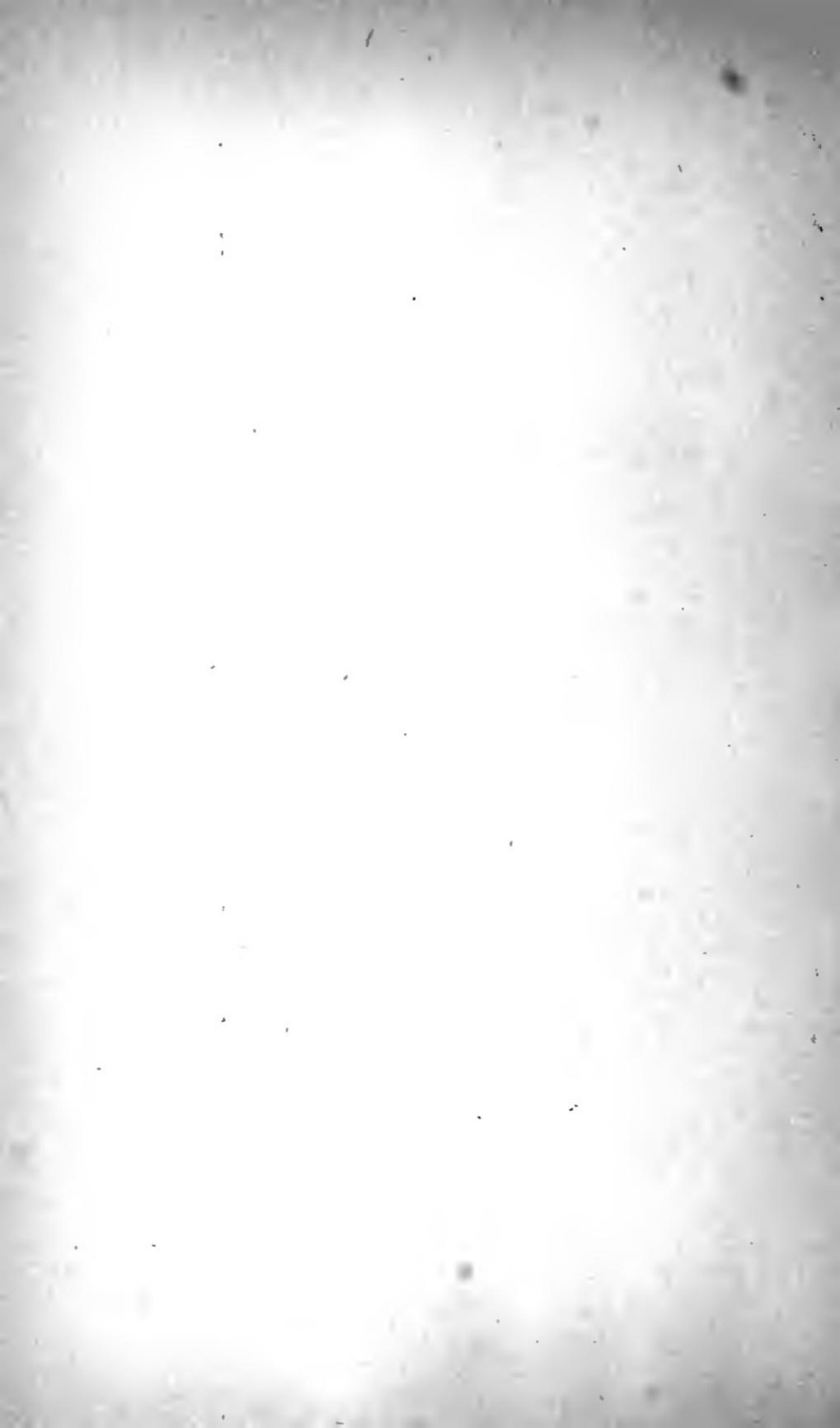
She Stoops to Conquer is Goldsmith's last dramatic work, for the trifling sketch of *The Grumbler* had never more than a grateful purpose.

When, only a year later, the little funeral procession from 2, Brick Court laid him in his unknown grave in the Temple burying-ground, the new comedy of which he had written so hopefully to Garrick was still non-existent. Would it have been better than its last fortunate predecessor?—would those early reserves of memory and experience have still proved inexhaustible? The question cannot be answered. Through debt, and drudgery, and depression, the writer's genius had still advanced, and these might yet have proved powerless to check his progress. But at least it was given to him to end upon his best, and not to outlive it. For, in that critical sense which estimates the value of a work by its excellence at all points, it can scarcely be contested that *She Stoops to Conquer* is his best production. In spite of their beauty and humanity, the lasting quality of *The Traveller* and *The Deserted Village* is seriously prejudiced by his half-way attitude between the poetry of convention and the poetry of nature—between the gradus epithet of Pope and the direct vocabulary of Wordsworth. With *The Vicar of Wakefield*, again, immortal though it be, it is less his art that holds us, than his charm, his humour and his tenderness which tempt us to forget his inconsistency and his errors of haste. In *She Stoops to Conquer*, neither defect of art nor defect of nature forbid us to give unqualified admiration to a work which lapse of time has shown to be still unrivalled in its kind.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

EALING, W.

February, 1889.





THE TRAVELLER ;
OR,
A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.
A POEM.



[The Traveller, or a Prospect of Society. A Poem. Inscribed to the Rev. Mr. Henry Goldsmith. By Oliver Goldsmith, M.B.—was first published by John Newbery of St. Paul's Church-yard, in a 4to. of thirty pages, on the 19th December, 1764. The title-page of the book (as given above) was dated 1765, and the price was 1s. 6d. Up to the sixth edition of 1770 numerous alterations were made in the text by the author. The poem is here reprinted from the ninth edition issued in 1774, the year of Goldsmith's death.]



DEDICATION.

TO THE REV. HENRY GOLDSMITH.¹

DEAR SIR,

 AM sensible that the friendship between us can acquire no new force from the ceremonies of a Dedication; and perhaps it demands an excuse thus to prefix your name to my attempts, which you decline giving with your own. But as a part of this Poem was formerly written to you from Switzerland, the whole can now, with propriety, be only inscribed to you. It will also throw a light upon many parts of it, when the reader understands, that it is addressed to a man, who, despising Fame and Fortune, has retired early to Happiness and Obscurity, with an income of forty pounds a year.

I now perceive, my dear brother, the wisdom of your humble choice. You have entered upon a sacred office, where the harvest is great, and the labourers are but few; while you have left the

[¹ Goldsmith's eldest brother. He died in May, 1768, being then curate of Kilkenny West.]

field of Ambition, where the labourers are many, and the harvest not worth carrying away. But of all kinds of ambition, what from the refinement of the times, from different systems of criticism, and from the divisions of party, that which pursues poetical fame is the wildest.

Poetry makes a principal amusement among unpolished nations ; but in a country verging to the extremes of refinement, Painting and Music come in for a share. As these offer the feeble mind a less laborious entertainment, they at first rival Poetry, and at length supplant her ; they engross all that favour once shown to her, and though but younger sisters, seize upon the elder's birth-right.

Yet, however this art may be neglected by the powerful, it is still in greater danger from the mistaken efforts of the learned to improve it. What criticisms have we not heard of late in favour of blank verse, and Pindaric odes, choruses, anapests and iambics, alliterative care and happy negligence ! Every absurdity has now a champion to defend it ; and as he is generally much in the wrong, so he has always much to say ; for error is ever talkative.

But there is an enemy to this art still more dangerous, I mean Party. Party entirely distorts the judgment, and destroys the taste. When the mind is once infected with this disease, it can only find pleasure in what contributes to increase the dis temper. Like the tiger, that seldom desists from pursuing man after having once preyed upon human flesh, the reader, who has once gratified his appe-

title with calumny, makes, ever after, the most agreeable feast upon murdered reputation. Such readers generally admire some half-witted thing, who wants to be thought a bold man, having lost the character of a wise one. Him they dignify with the name of poet ; his tawdry lampoons are called satires, his turbulence is said to be force, and his phrenzy fire.¹

What reception a Poem may find, which has neither abuse, party, nor blank verse to support it, I cannot tell, nor am I solicitous to know. My aims are right. Without espousing the cause of any party, I have attempted to moderate the rage of all. I have endeavoured to show, that there may be equal happiness in states, that are differently governed from our own ; that every state has a particular principle of happiness, and that this principle in each may be carried to a mischievous excess. There are few can judge, better than yourself, how far these positions are illustrated in this Poem.

I am, dear Sir,
Your most affectionate Brother,
OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

[¹ Charles Churchill, the satirist (1731-64), is undoubtedly intended here.]





THE TRAVELLER;

OR,

A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheldt, or wandering
Po ;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian
boor,
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door ;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste expanding to the skies :
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee ;
Still to my Brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.¹

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend :
Bless'd be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim their ev'ning fire ;
Bless'd that abode, where want and pain repair,

¹ Cf. *The Citizen of the World*, 1762, i. 5. (Letter iii.)]

And every stranger finds a ready chair ;
Bless'd be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale,
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.

But me, not destin'd such delights to share,
My prime of life in wand'ring spent and care,
Impell'd, with steps unceasing, to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view ;
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies ;¹
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.

Even now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend ;
And, plac'd on high above the storm's career,
Look downward where an hundred realms appear ;
Lakes, forests, cities, plains, extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

When thus Creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store, should thankless pride repine ?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good, which makes each humbler bosom vain ?
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man ;
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind

[¹ Cf. *The Vicar of Wakefield*, 1766, ii. 160-1 (ch. x.).]

Exults in all the good of all mankind.
Ye glitt'ring towns, with wealth and splendour
crown'd,
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round,
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale,
Ye bending swains, that dress the flow'ry vale,
For me your tributary stores combine ;
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine !

As some lone miser visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, re-counts it o'er ;
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still :
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleas'd with each good that heaven to man supplies :
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss so small ;
And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find
Some spot to real happiness consign'd,
Where my worn soul, each wand'ring hope at rest,
May gather bliss to see my fellows bless'd.

But where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know ?
The shudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own,
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease ;
The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his Gods for all the good they gave.
Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,

His first, best country ever is, at home.
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind,
As different good, by Art or Nature given,
To different nations makes their blessings even.

Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliss at Labour's earnest call ;
With food as well the peasant is supplied
On Idra's¹ cliffs as Arno's shelly side ;
And though the rocky-crested summits frown,
These rocks, by custom, turn to beds of down.
From Art more various are the blessings sent ;
Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content.
Yet these each other's power so strong contest,
That either seems destructive of the rest.
Where wealth and freedom reign contentment fails,
And honour sinks where commerce long prevails.
Hence every state to one lov'd blessing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone.
Each to the favourite happiness attends,
And spurns the plan that aims at other ends ;
Till, carried to excess in each domain,
This favourite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
And trace them through the prospect as it lies :
Here for a while my proper cares resign'd,

[¹ Bolton Corney thought Idria in Carniola intended.
Birkbeck Hill suggests Lake Idro in North Italy which has
rocky shores.]

Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind,
Like yon neglected shrub at random cast,
That shades the steep, and sighs at every blast.

Far to the right where Apennine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends ;
Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods in gay theoretic pride ;
While oft some temple's mould'ring tops between
With venerable grandeur mark the scene.

Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest.
Whatever fruits in different climes were found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground ;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year ;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives that blossom but to die ;
These here disporting own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil ;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man seems the only growth that dwindleth here.
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign,
Though poor, luxurious, though submissive, vain,
Though grave, yet trifling, zealous, yet untrue ;
And e'en in penance planning sins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,

That opulence departed leaves behind ;
 For wealth was theirs, not far remov'd the date,
 When commerce proudly flourish'd through the
 state ;
 At her command the palace learn'd to rise,
 Again the long-fall'n column sought the skies ;
 The canvas glow'd beyond e'en Nature warm,
 The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form ;
 Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
 Commerce on other shores display'd her sail ;
 While nought remain'd of all that riches gave,
 But towns unmann'd, and lords without a slave ;
 And late the nation found with fruitless skill
 Its former strength was but plethoric ill.¹

Yet still the loss of wealth is here supplied
 By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride ;
 From these the feeble heart and long-fall'n mind
 An easy compensation seem to find.
 Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,
 The paste-board triumph and the cavalcade ;
 Processions form'd for piety and love,
 A mistress or a saint in every grove.
 By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd,
 The sports of children satisfy the child ;²
 Each nobler aim, represt by long control,
 Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul ;
 While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
 In happier meanness occupy the mind :
 As in those domes, where Caesars once bore sway,

[¹ Cf. *The Citizen of the World*, 1762, i. 98. (Letter xxv.)]

[² A pretty anecdote *a-propos* of this couplet is told in Forster's *Life*, 1871, i. pp. 347-8.]

Defac'd by time and tottering in decay,
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed,
And, wond'ring man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

My soul, turn from them, turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display,
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansions tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread ;
No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword.
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter ling'ring chills the lap of May ;
No Zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.

Yet still, even here, content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts though
small,
He sees his little lot the lot of all ;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head
To shame the meanness of his humble shed ;
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,
To make him loathe his vegetable meal ;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.
Cheerful at morn he wakes from short repose,
Breasts the keen air, and carols as he goes ;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his venturous ploughshare to the steep ;
Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,

And drags the struggling savage¹ into day.
At night returning, every labour sped,
He sits him down the monarch of a shed ;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze ;
While his lov'd partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board :
And h~~e~~ply too some pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds impart,
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart,
And even those ills, that round his mansion rise,
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms ;
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren states assign'd ;
Their wants but few, their wishes all confin'd.
Yet let them only share the praises due,
If few their wants, their pleasures are but few ;
For every want that stimulates the breast
Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest.
Whence from such lands each pleasing science flies,
That first excites desire, and then supplies ;
Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,

[¹ *i.e.* wolf or bear. Pope uses the word several times in this sense.]

To fill the languid pause with finer joy ;
 Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame,
 Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame.
 Their level life is but a smould'ring fire,
 Unquench'd by want, unfann'd by strong desire ;
 Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer
 On some high festival of once a year,
 In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
 Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow :
 Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low,
 For, as refinement stops, from sire to son
 Unalter'd, unimprov'd, the manners run ;
 And love's and friendship's finely-pointed dart
 Fall blunted from each indurated heart.
 Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
 May sit, like falcons cow'ring on the nest ;
 But all the gentler morals, such as play
 Through life's more cultur'd walks and charm the
 way,
 These far dispers'd, on timorous pinions fly,
 To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
 I turn ; and France displays her bright domain.
 Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
 Pleas'd with thyself, whom all the world can please,
 How often have I led thy sportive choir,
 With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire ?¹

[¹ i.e. in his pedestrian travels on the continent in 1755-6.
 Cf. *The Vicar of Wakefield*, 1766, ii., 245 (ch. i.).]

Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And freshen'd from the wave the Zephyr flew ;
And haply, though my harsh touch faltering still,
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill ;
Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,
And dance, forgetful of the noon-tide hour.

Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze,
And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,¹
Has frisk'd beneath the burthen of threescore.

So bless'd a life these thoughtless realms display,
Thus idly busy rolls their world away :
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
For honour forms the social temper here :
Honour, that praise which real merit gains,
Or even imaginary worth obtains,
Here passes current ; paid from hand to hand,
It shifts in splendid traffic round the land :
From courts, to camps, to cottages it strays,
And all are taught an avarice of praise ;
They please, are pleas'd, they give to get esteem,
Till, seeming bless'd, they grow to what they seem.

But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise ;
For praise too dearly lov'd, or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought ;
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,

[¹ i.e. traditional gestures or action.]

Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart ;
Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robes of frieze with copper lace ;
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a year ;
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies.
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land,
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward, methinks, and diligently slow,
The firm-connected bulwark seems to grow ;
Spreads its long arms amidst the wat'ry roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore.
While the pent ocean rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile ;
The slow canal, the yellow-blossom'd vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation rescu'd from his reign.

Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And industry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
Are here displayed. Their much-lov'd wealth
imparts

Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts ;
But view them closer, craft and fraud appear,
Even liberty itself is barter'd here.

At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,
The needy sell it, and the rich man buys ;
A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,¹
Here wretches seek dishonourable graves,²
And calmly bent, to servitude conform,
Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.

Heavens ! how unlike their Belgic sires of old !
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold ;
War in each breast, and freedom on each brow ;
How much unlike the sons of Britain now !

Fir'd at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,
And flies where Britain courts the western spring ;
Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
And brighter streams than fam'd Hydaspes³ glide.
There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
There gentle music melts on every spray ;
Creation's mildest charms are there combin'd,
Extremes are only in the master's mind !
Stern o'er each bosom reason holds her state,
With daring aims irregularly great,
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind pass by,
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashion'd, fresh from Nature's hand ;

[¹ This line occurs as prose in *The Citizen of the World*, 1762, i., 147. (Letter xxxiv.)]

[² *Julius Cæsar*, Act i., Sc. 2.]

[³ *Fabulosus Hydaspes*, Hor. Bk. i., Ode 22.]

Fierce in their native hardness of soul,
True to imagin'd right, above control,
While even the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
And learns to venerate himself as man.

Thine, Freedom, thine the blessings pictur'd
here,
Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear ;
Too bless'd, indeed, were such without alloy,
But foster'd even by Freedom ills annoy :
That independence Britons prize too high,
Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie ;
The self-dependent lordlings stand alone,
All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown ;
Here by the bonds of nature feebly held,
Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd.
Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar,
Repress'd ambition struggles round her shore
Till over-wrought, the general system feels
Its motions stop, or phrenzy fire the wheels.

Nor this the worst. As nature's ties decay,
As duty, love, and honour fail to sway,
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown ;
Till time may come, when stripp'd of all her
charms,
The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms,
Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
Where kings have toil'd, and poets wrote for
fame,

One sink of level avarice shall lie,
And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonour'd die.

Yet think not, thus when Freedom's ills I state,
I mean to flatter kings, or court the great ;
Ye powers of truth, that bid my soul aspire,
Far from my bosom drive the low desire ;
And thou, fair Freedom, taught alike to feel
The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel ;
Thou transitory flower, alike undone
By proud contempt, or favour's fostering sun,
Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure,
I only would repress them to secure :
For just experience tells, in every soil,
That those who think must govern those that toil ;
And all that freedom's highest aims can reach,
Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each.
Hence, should one order disproportion'd grow,
Its double weight must ruin all below.

O then how blind to all that truth requires,
Who think it freedom when a part aspires !
Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
Except when fast-approaching danger warms :
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal power to stretch their own,¹
When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom when themselves are free ;
Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law ;²

[¹ Cf. *The Vicar of Wakefield*, 1766, i., 202 (ch. xix).]

[² *Ibid.* i., 206 (ch. xix).]

The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,
 Pillag'd from slaves to purchase slaves at home ;
 Fear, pity, justice, indignation start,
 Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart ;
 Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,
 I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.¹

Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful hour,
 When first ambition struck at regal power ;
 And thus polluting honour in its source,
 Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.
 Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,²
 Her useful sons exchanged for useless ore ?
 Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
 Like flaring tapers brightening as they waste ;
 Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
 Lead stern depopulation in her train,
 And over fields where scatter'd hamlets rose,
 In barren solitary pomp repose ?
 Have we not seen at pleasure's lordly call,
 The smiling long-frequented village fall ?
 Beheld the duteous son, the sire decay'd,
 The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
 Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train,
 To traverse climes beyond the western main ;
 Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
 And Niagara stuns with thund'ring sound ?

Even now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays

[¹ Cf. *The Vicar of Wakefield*, 1766, i., 201 (ch. xix).]

[² This and the lines that follow contain the germ of *The Deserted Village*.]

Through tangled forests, and through dangerous ways ;
 Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
 And the brown Indian marks with murderous aim ;
 There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
 And all around distressful yells arise,
 The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
 To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,¹
 Casts a long look where England's glories shine,
 And bids his bosom sympathise with mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
 That bliss which only centres in the mind :
 Why have I stray'd from pleasure and repose,
 To seek a good each government bestows ?
 In every government, though terrors reign,
 Though tyrant kings, or tyrant laws restrain,
 How small, of all that human hearts endure,²
 That part which laws or kings can cause or cure.
 Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,
 Our own felicity we make or find :
 With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
 Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
 The lifted axe, the agonising wheel,
 Luke's iron crown,³ and Damiens' bed of steel,⁴

[¹ Johnson contributed this line. (*Birkbeck Hill's Boswell*, 1887, ii. 6.)]

[² Johnson wrote these last lines, the penultimate couplet excepted. (*Boswell, ut supra.*)]

[³ George (not Luke) Dosa, an Hungarian patriot, suffered in 1514 the penalty of the red-hot iron crown.]

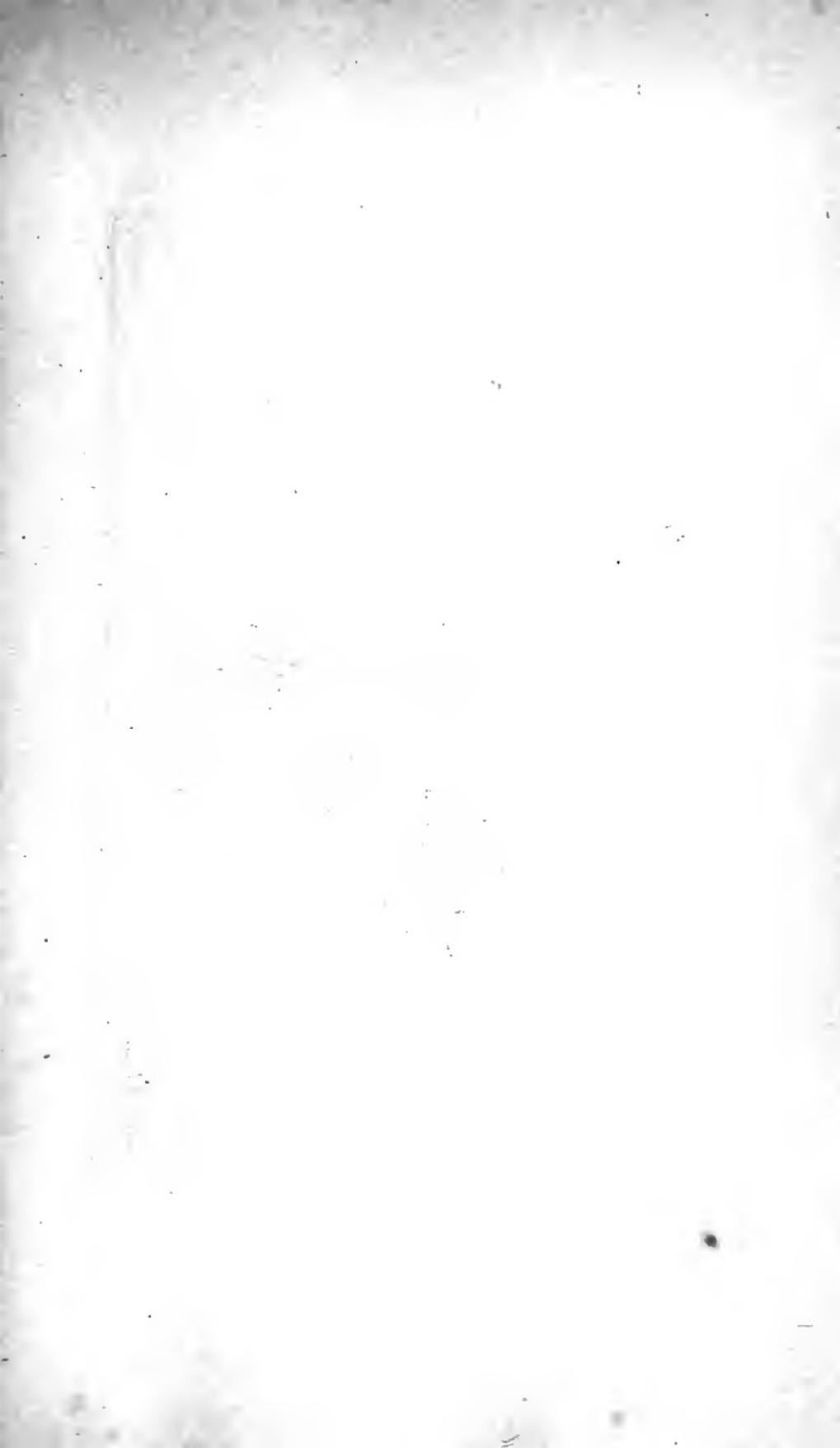
[⁴ Damiens was executed after horrible tortures for an

To men remote from power but rarely known,
Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own.

attempt to assassinate Louis XV. When in the Conciergerie
he was chained to an iron bed. (Smollett's *History of
England*, 1823, bk. iii., ch. 7, § xxv).]









For we hydomy - But all
like thym as fed.
N. 32.

H. H. R. 2



THE DESERTED VILLAGE,

A POEM.



[*The Deserted Village, a Poem. By Dr. Goldsmith,*
—was published by W. Griffin, at Garrick's Head, in
Catherine-street, Strand, in a 4to. of thirty-two pages, on
the 26th May, 1770. The price was two shillings. It is here
reprinted from the fourth edition, issued in the same year
as the first, but considerably revised.]



DEDICATION.

TO SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

DEAR SIR,

 CAN have no expectations in an address of this kind, either to add to your reputation, or to establish my own. You can gain nothing from my admiration, as I am ignorant of that art in which you are said to excel; and I may lose much by the severity of your judgment, as few have a juster taste in poetry than you. Setting interest therefore aside, to which I never paid much attention, I must be indulged at present in following my affections. The only dedication I ever made was to my brother, because I loved him better than most other men. He is since dead.¹ Permit me to inscribe this Poem to you.

How far you may be pleased with the versification and mere mechanical parts of this attempt, I don't pretend to enquire; but I know you will object (and indeed several of our best and wisest

[¹ See p. 3, and note.]

friends concur in the opinion) that the depopulation it deplores is no where to be seen, and the disorders it laments are only to be found in the poet's own imagination. To this I can scarce make any other answer than that I sincerely believe what I have written ; that I have taken all possible pains, in my country excursions, for these four or five years past, to be certain of what I allege ; and that all my views and enquiries have led me to believe those miseries real, which I here attempt to display. But this is not the place to enter into an enquiry, whether the country be depopulating, or not ; the discussion would take up much room, and I should prove myself, at best, an indifferent politician, to tire the reader with a long preface when I want his unfatigued attention to a long poem.

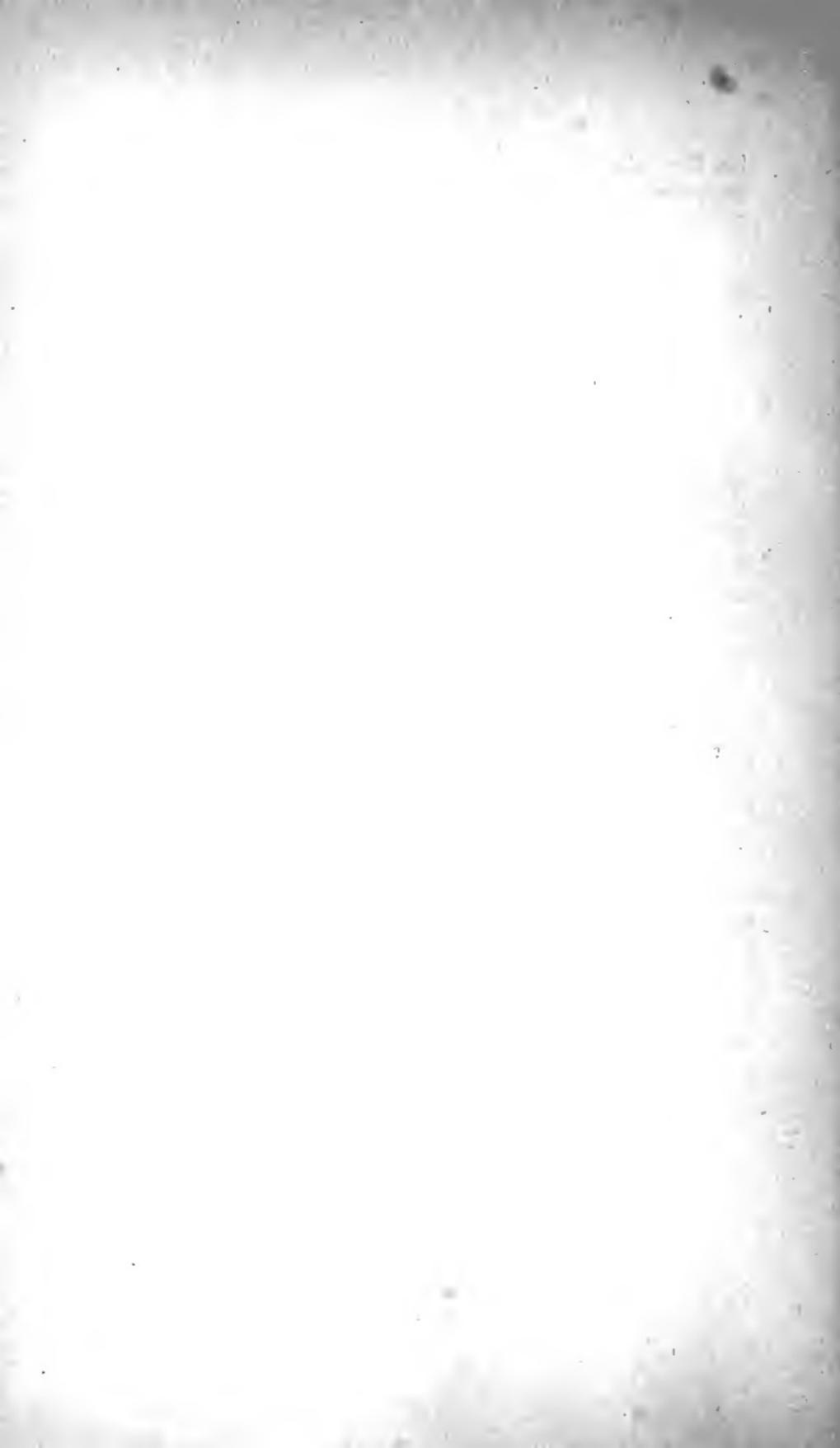
In regretting the depopulation of the country, I inveigh against the increase of our luxuries ; and here also I expect the shout of modern politicians against me. For twenty or thirty years past, it has been the fashion to consider luxury as one of the greatest national advantages ; and all the wisdom of antiquity in that particular, as erroneous. Still however, I must remain a professed ancient on that head, and continue to think those luxuries prejudicial to states, by which so many vices are introduced, and so many kingdoms have been undone.¹ Indeed so much has been poured out of late on the other side of the question, that, merely

[¹ The increase of luxury was a favourite topic with Goldsmith. (Cf. Birkbeck Hill's *Boswell*, 1887, ii., 217-8.)]

for the sake of novelty and variety, one would sometimes wish to be in the right.

I am, Dear Sir,
Your sincere friend, and ardent admirer,
OLIVER GOLDSMITH.







THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

WEET Auburn ! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd the labouring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delay'd :
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth,¹ when every sport could please,
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene ;
How often have I paus'd on every charm,
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topp'd the neighbouring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made ;
How often have I bless'd the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour free,

[¹ Some of the details of the picture are borrowed from Lissoy, the little hamlet in Westmeath where the author spent his younger days.]

Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree ;
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old survey'd ;
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went
round ;

And still as each repeated pleasure tir'd,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspir'd ;
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out to tire each other down ;
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter titter'd round the place ;
The bashful virgin's side-long looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks re-
prove :

These were thy charms, sweet village ; sports like
these,
With sweet succession, taught even toil to please ;
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence
shed,
These were thy charms—But all these charms are
fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn ;
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green :
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain :
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But chok'd with sedges, works its weedy way.
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,

The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest ;¹
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.
Sunk are thy bowers, in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall ;
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away, thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay :
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade ;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made ;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintain'd its man ;
For him light labour spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life requir'd, but gave no more :
His best companions, innocence and health ;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd ; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land and dispossess the swain ;
Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth, and cumbrous pomp repose
And every want to opulence allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,
Those healthful sports that grac'd the peaceful
scene,
Liv'd in each look, and brighten'd all the green ;

[¹ Cf. Bewick's *Water Birds*, 1847, p. 49.]

These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet AUBURN ! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangling walks, and ruin'd grounds,
And, many a year elaps'd, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swell's at my breast, and turns the past to pain.¹

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and GOD has given my share—
I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down ;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose.
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-learn'd skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw ;
And, as an hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations pass'd,
Here to return—and die at home at last.²

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care, that never must be mine,
How happy he who crowns in shades like these,

[¹ There is no satisfactory evidence that Goldsmith ever revisited Ireland after he left it in 1752.]

[² Cf. *The Citizen of the World*, 1762, ii., 153. (Letter C.)]

A youth of labour with an age of ease ;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly !
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep ;
No surly porter stands in guilty state
To spurn imploring famine from the gate ;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending Virtue's friend ;
Bends to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
While Resignation gently slopes the way ;
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His Heaven commences ere the world be pass'd !¹

Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose ;
There, as I pass'd with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came soften'd from below ;
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
The sober herd that low'd to meet their young ;
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school ;
The watchdog's voice that bay'd the whisp'ring
wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind ;
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,

[¹ Under the title of *Resignation*, Reynolds in 1772 dedicated a print of an old man to Goldsmith as "expressing the character" sketched in this paragraph.]

For all the bloomy flush of life is fled,
All but yon widow'd, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring ;
She, wretched matron, forc'd in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn ;
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.¹

Near yonder copse, where once the garden
smil'd,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild ;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.²
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year ;³
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wished to change his
place ;
Unpractis'd he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour ;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More skill'd to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but reliev'd their pain ;
The long remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast ;

[¹ This has been identified with Catherine Geraghty, a familiar personage at Lissoy in Goldsmith's boyhood.]

[² The character that follows is probably combined from the author's father, his brother Henry, and his uncle Contarine, all clergymen.]

[³ See p. 3.]

The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd ;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away ;
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were
won.

Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learned to
glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;
Careless their merits, or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings lean'd to Virtue's side ;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt, for all.
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place ;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.

The service pass'd, around the pious man,
 With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran ;
 Even children follow'd with endearing wile,
 And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's
 smile.
 His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,
 Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares dis-
 tress'd ;
 To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
 But all his serious thoughts had rest in Heaven.
 As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
 Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
 Though round its breast the rolling clouds are
 spread,
 Eternal sunshine settles on its head.¹

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
 With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,
 There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
 The village master taught his little school ;²
 A man severe he was, and stern to view ;
 I knew him well, and every truant knew ;
 Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
 The day's disasters in his morning face ;
 Full well they laugh'd, with counterfeited glee,
 At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ;
 Full well the busy whisper, circling round,

[¹ Chaulieu, Chapelain, and several "ancients" have been credited with the suggestion of this simile. But perhaps Goldsmith went no farther than the character of "Philander" in Young's *Complaint (Night the Second, 1742, p. 42.)*]

[² Some of the traits of this portrait correspond with those of Goldsmith's master at Lissoy, one Byrne.]

Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd ;
Yet he was kind ; or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault ;
The village all declar'd how much he knew ;
'Twas certain he could write, and cypher too ;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And even the story ran that he could gauge.
In arguing too, the parson own'd his skill,
For e'en though vanquish'd, he could argue still ;
While words of learned length and thundering
sound

Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around,
And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.

But past is all his fame. The very spot
Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot.
Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts
 inspir'd,
Where grey-beard mirth and smiling toil retir'd,
Where village statesmen talk'd with looks pro-
found,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour splendours of that festive place ;
The white-wash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door ;
The chest contriv'd a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day ;
The pictures plac'd for ornament and use,

The twelve good rules,¹ the royal game of goose ;²
 The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
 With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay ;
 While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
 Rang'd o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.

Vain transitory splendours ! could not all
 Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall !
 Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
 An hour's importance to the poor man's heart ;
 Thither no more the peasant shall repair
 To sweet oblivion of his daily care ;
 No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
 No more the wood-man's ballad shall prevail ;
 No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
 Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear ;
 The host himself no longer shall be found
 Careful to see the mantling bliss go round ;
 Nor the coy maid, half willing to be press'd,
 Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes ! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
 These simple blessings of the lowly train ;
 To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
 One native charm, than all the gloss of art ;
 Spontaneous joys, where Nature has its play,
 The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway ;
 Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
 Unenvied, unmolested, unconfin'd :
 But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,

[¹ The well-known maxims "found in the study of King Charles the First, of Blessed Memory," and common in Goldsmith's day as a broadside.]

[² See Strutt's *Sports and Pastimes*, Bk. iv. ch. 2 (xxv).]

With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain ;
And, even while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart distrusting asks, if this be joy.

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen, who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge, how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting Folly hails them from her shore ;
Hoards, even beyond the miser's wish abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name
That leaves our useful products still the same.
Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supplied ;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds ;
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth
Has robb'd the neighbouring fields of half their
growth,
His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green ;
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies :
While thus the land adorn'd for pleasure, all
In barren splendour feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female unadorn'd and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Slights every borrow'd charm that dress supplies,

Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes :
But when those charms are pass'd, for charms are
frail,
When time advances and when lovers fail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress.
Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd,
In nature's simplest charms at first array'd,
But verging to decline, its splendours rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise ;
While, scourg'd by famine, from the smiling land
The mournful peasant leads his humble band ;
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms—a garden, and a grave.

Where then, ah ! where, shall poverty reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride ?
If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd,
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And even the bare-worn common is denied.

If to the city sped—What waits him there ?
To see profusion that he must not share ;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combin'd
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind ;
To see those joys the sons of pleasure know
Extorted from his fellow creature's woe.
Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade ;
Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomps
display,
There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.

The dome where Pleasure holds her midnight
reign

Here, richly deck'd, admits the gorgeous train ;
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.

Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy !

Sure these denote one universal joy !

Are these thy serious thoughts ?—Ah, turn thine
eyes

Where the poor houseless shivering female lies.¹
She once, perhaps, in village plenty bless'd,
Has wept at tales of innocence distress'd ;
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn ;
Now lost to all ; her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
And, pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the
shower,

With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,
When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet AUBURN, thine, the loveliest
train,

Do thy fair tribes participate her pain ?

E'en now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread !

Ah, no. To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,

[¹ Cf. *The Bee*, 27 October, 1759 (*A City Night-Piece*).]

Where wild Altama¹ murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charm'd before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore ;
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day ;
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling ;
Those poisonous fields with rank luxuriance crown'd,
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around ;
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake ;
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
And savage men more murderous still than they ;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravag'd landscape with the skies.
Far different these from every former scene,
The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love.

Good Heaven ! what sorrows gloom'd that
parting day,
That call'd them from their native walks away ;
When the poor exiles, every pleasure pass'd,
Hung round their bowers, and fondly look'd their
last,
And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main ;
And shuddering still to face the distant deep,
Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep.
The good old sire, the first prepar'd to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe ;

[¹ Alatamaha, in Georgia, North America.]

But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave.
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for a father's arms.

With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And bless'd the cot where every pleasure rose ;
And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And clasp'd them close, in sorrow doubly dear ;
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the silent manliness of grief.

O luxury ! thou curs'd by Heaven's decree,
How ill exchang'd are things like these for thee !
How do thy potions, with insidious joy
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy !
Kingdoms, by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigour not their own ;
At every draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe ;
Till sapp'd their strength, and every part unsound,
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

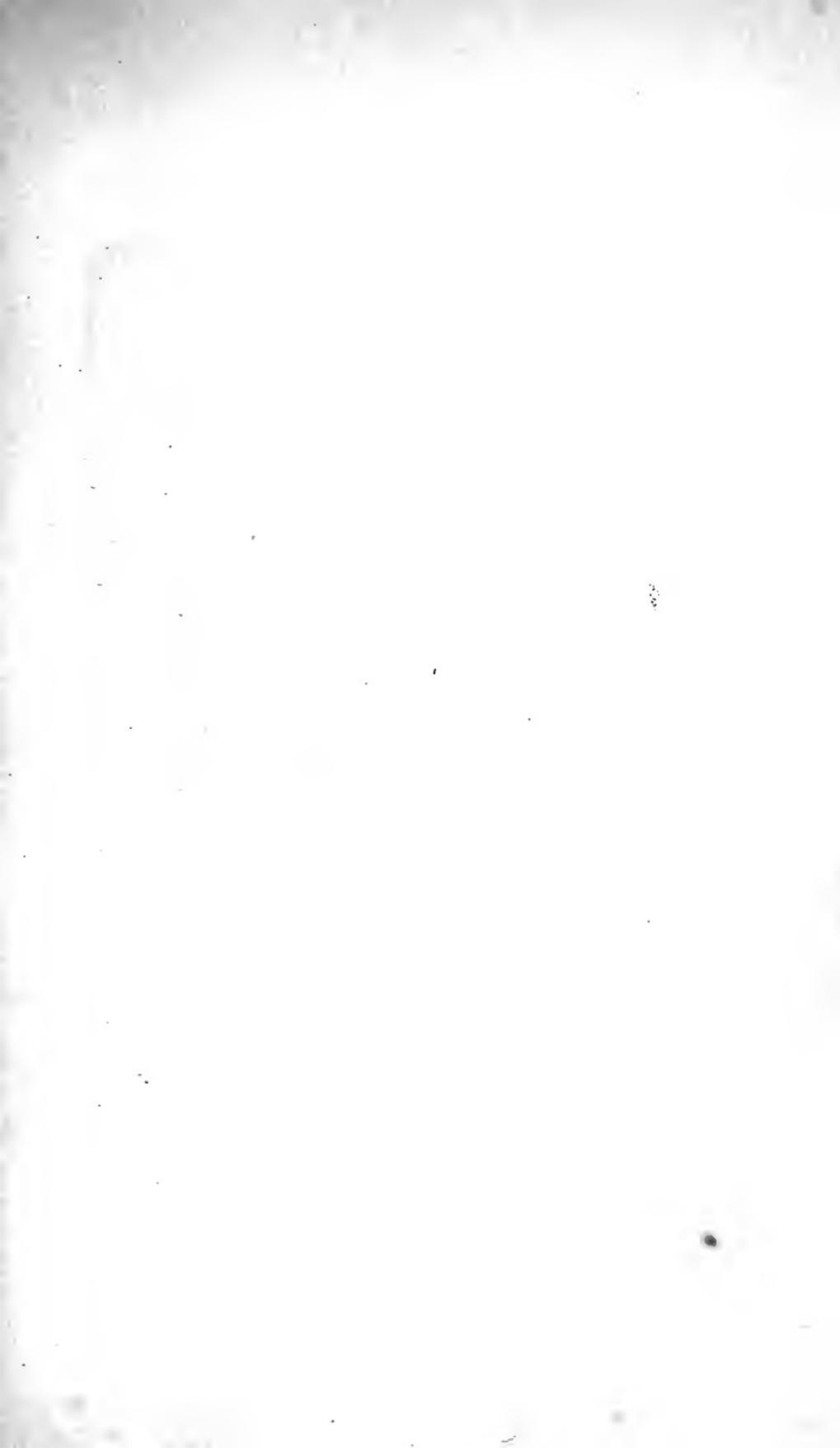
Even now the devastation is begun,
And half the business of destruction done ;
Even now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land :
Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail,
That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
Contented toil, and hospitable care,

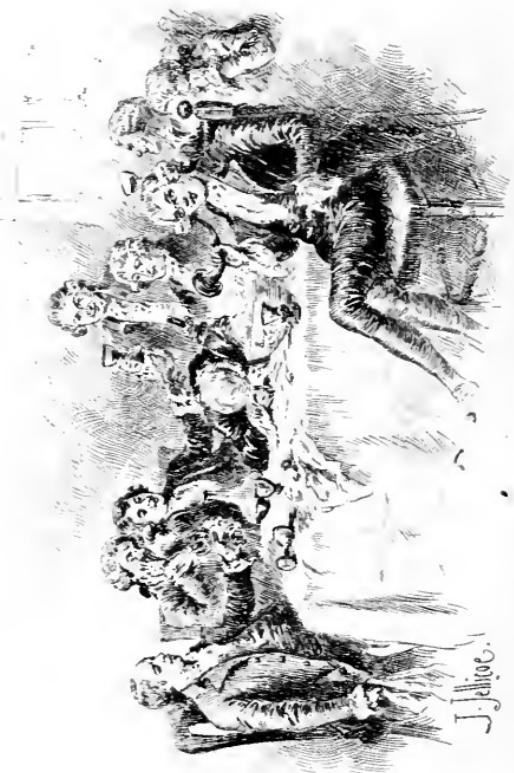
And kind connubial tenderness, are there ;
And piety with wishes plac'd above,
And steady loyalty, and faithful love.
And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade ;
Unfit in these degenerate times of shame,
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame ;
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride ;
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so ;
Thou guide by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well !
Farewell, and Oh ! where'er thy voice be tried,
On Torno's¹ cliffs, or Pambamarca's² side,
Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigours of th' inclement clime ;
Aid slighted truth ; with thy persuasive strain
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain ;
Teach him, that states of native strength possess'd,
Though very poor, may still be very bless'd ;
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away ;
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.³

[¹ Tornea, a river falling into the Gulf of Bothnia.]

[² A mountain near Quito, South America.]

[³ Johnson wrote the last four lines. (*Birkbeck Hill's Boswell*, 1887, ii. 7.)]







RETALIATION,

A POEM.



[Retaliation : A Poem. By Dr. Goldsmith. Including Epitaphs on the Most Distinguished Wits of this Metropolis —was first published on the 18th or 19th April, 1774, as a 4to. of twenty-four pages, by G. Kearsly of No. 46, Fleet Street. Under the title was a vignette-head of Goldsmith etched by Basire after Reynolds. To the second edition, which followed almost immediately, and the text of which is here printed, were added four pages of “ Explanatory Notes, Observations, etc.”]

The poem originated in a contest of epitaphs which took place after a club dinner at the St. James's coffee house. Garrick led off with his well-known impromptu:—

“ Here lies NOLLY Goldsmith, for shortness called Noll,
Who wrote like an angel, but talk'd like poor Poll,”

and several more were written by the company. Goldsmith reserved his “ retaliation,” and shortly afterwards set about the annexed poem, left incomplete at his death.]



RETALIATION.

A POEM.

F old, when Scarron¹ his companions invited,
Each guest brought his dish, and the feast was united ;
If our landlord supplies us with beef, and with fish,
Let each guest bring himself, and he brings the best dish :
Our Dean² shall be venison, just fresh from the plains ;
Our Burke³ shall be tongue, with a garnish of brains ;
Our Will⁴ shall be wild-fowl, of excellent flavour,
And Dick⁵ with his pepper shall heighten their savour :

[¹ Paul Scarron (1610-60), author of the *Roman Comique*, to whose picnic dinners “*chacun apportait son plat.*” (*Oeuvres*, 1877, i., viii.)]

[² Thomas Barnard, Dean of Derry, d. 1806.]

[³ Edmund Burke, 1729-97.]

[⁴ William Burke (his relation), d. 1798.]

[⁵ Richard Burke (Edmund Burke's brother), d. 1794.]

Our Cumberland's¹ sweet-bread its place shall obtain,
 And Douglas² is pudding, substantial and plain :
 Our Garrick's³ a salad ; for in him we see
 Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltness agree :
 To make out the dinner, full certain I am,
 That Ridge⁴ is anchovy, and Reynolds⁵ is lamb ;
 That Hickey's⁶ a capon, and by the same rule,
 Magnanimous Goldsmith a gooseberry fool.
 At a dinner so various, at such a repast,
 Who'd not be a glutton, and stick to the last ?
 Here, waiter ! more wine, let me sit while I'm able,
 Till all my companions sink under the table ;
 Then, with chaos and blunders encircling my head,
 Let me ponder, and tell what I think of the dead.

Here lies the good Dean, re-united to earth,
 Who mix'd reason with pleasure, and wisdom with
 mirth :
 If he had any faults, he has left us in doubt,
 At least, in six weeks, I could not find 'em out ;
 Yet some have declar'd, and it can't be denied 'em,
 That sly-boots was cursedly cunning to hide 'em.

Here lies our good Edmund, whose genius was
 such,
 We scarcely can praise it, or blame it too much ;

[¹ Richard Cumberland the dramatist, 1732-1811.]

[² Dr. Douglas, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury, d. 1807.]

[³ David Garrick, the actor, 1716-79.]

[⁴ John Ridge, an Irish Barrister.]

[⁵ Sir Joshua Reynolds, 1723-92.]

[⁶ Joseph Hickey, d. 1794, the legal adviser of Reynolds.]

Who, born for the Universe, narrow'd his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.
Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his
throat

To persuade Tommy Townshend¹ to lend him a
vote;

Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
And thought of convincing, while they thought of
dining;

Though equal to all things, for all things unfit,
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit:
For a patriot, too cool; for a drudge, disobedient;
And too fond of the *right* to pursue the *expedient*.
In short, 'twas his fate, unemploy'd, or in place, Sir,
To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

Here lies honest William, whose heart was a
mint,

While the owner ne'er knew half the good that was
in't;

The pupil of impulse, it forc'd him along,
His conduct still right, with his argument wrong;
Still aiming at honour, yet fearing to roam,
The coachman was tipsy, the chariot drove home;
Would you ask for his merits? alas! he had none;
What was good was spontaneous, his faults were
his own.

Here lies honest Richard, whose fate I must sigh
at;

Alas, that such frolic should now be so quiet;

[¹ M.P. for Whitchurch, afterwards Ld. Sydney.]

What spirits were his ! what wit and what whim !
 Now breaking a jest, and now breaking a limb ;¹
 Now wrangling and grumbling to keep up the
 ball,
 Now teasing and vexing, yet laughing at all !
 In short, so provoking a devil was Dick,
 That we wish'd him full ten times a day at Old
 Nick ;
 But, missing his mirth and agreeable vein,
 As often we wish'd to have Dick back again.

Here Cumberland lies, having acted his parts,
 The Terence of England, the mender of hearts ;
 A flattering painter, who made it his care
 To draw men as they ought to be, not as they
 are.

His gallants are all faultless, his women divine,
 And comedy wonders at being so fine ;
 Like a tragedy queen he has dizen'd her out,
 Or rather like tragedy giving a rout.
 His fools have their follies so lost in a crowd
 Of virtues and feelings, that folly grows proud ;
 And coxcombs, alike in their failings alone,
 Adopting his portraits, are pleas'd with their own.
 Say, where has our poet this malady caught ?
 Or, wherefore his characters thus without fault ?
 Say, was it that vainly directing his view
 To find out men's virtues, and finding them few,

[¹ “The above Gentleman (Richard Burke) having slightly fractured one of his arms and legs, at different times, the Doctor (*i.e.* Goldsmith) has rallied him on those accidents, as a kind of *retributive* justice for breaking his jests on other people.” (*Note to Second Edition.*)]

Quite sick of pursuing each troublesome elf,
He grew lazy at last, and drew from himself?¹

Here Douglas retires, from his toils to relax,
The scourge of impostors, the terror of quacks :²
Come, all ye quack bards, and ye quacking divines,
Come, and dance on the spot where your tyrant
reclines :

When Satire and Censure encircl'd his throne,
I fear'd for your safety, I fear'd for my own ;
But now he is gone, and we want a detector,
Our Dodds³ shall be pious, our Kenricks⁴ shall
lecture ;

Macpherson⁵ write bombast, and call it a style,
Our Townshend make speeches, and I shall com-
pile ;

New Lauders and Bowers⁶ the Tweed shall cross
over,
No countryman living their tricks to discover ;
Detection her taper shall quench to a spark,
And Scotchmen meet Scotchmen, and cheat in the
dark.

[¹ Cumberland is said to have fancied that this epitaph was *not* ironical.]

[² Douglas exposed two literary impostors,—Archibald Bower, author of a *History of the Popes*, and William Lauder, who fabricated a charge of plagiarism against Milton.]

[³ The Rev. William Dodd, executed for forgery in June, 1777.]

[⁴ Dr. Kenrick, who lectured on Shakespeare at the Devil Tavern in 1774.]

[⁵ James Macpherson (1738-96) of *Ossian* notoriety. He had recently (1773) published a prose translation of Homer.]

[⁶ *Vide* note 2 above.]

Here lies David Garrick, describe me, who can,
 An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man ;
 As an actor, confessed without rival to shine :
 As a wit, if not first, in the very first line :
 Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
 The man had his failings, a dupe to his art.
 Like an ill-judging beauty, his colours he spread,
 And beplaster'd with rouge his own natural red.
 On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting ;
 'Twas only that when he was off he was acting.
 With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
 He turn'd and he varied full ten times a day.
 Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick
 If they were not his own by finessing and trick :
 He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,
 For he knew when he pleas'd he could whistle them
 back.

Of praise a mere glutton, he swallowed what came,
 And the puff of a dunce he mistook it for fame ;
 Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
 Who pepper'd the highest was surest to please.
 But let us be candid, and speak out our mind,
 If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.
 Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys,¹ and Woodfalls² so grave,
 What a commerce was yours, while you got and
 you gave !

How did Grub-street re-echo the shouts that you
 rais'd,
 While he was be-Roscius'd, and you were be-prais'd !

[¹ Hugh Kelly, the dramatist (1739-77), author of *False Delicacy, A Word to the Wise*, etc.

[² William Woodfall, d. 1803, editor of *The Morning Chronicle*.]

But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,
To act as an angel, and mix with the skies :
Those poets, who owe their best fame to his skill,
Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will.
Old Shakespeare, receive him, with praise and
 with love,
And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above.

Here Hickey reclines, a most blunt, pleasant
creature,
And slander itself must allow him good nature :
He cherish'd his friend, and he relish'd a bumper ;
Yet one fault he had, and that one was a thumper.
Perhaps you may ask if the man was a miser ?
I answer, no, no, for he always was wiser :
Too courteous, perhaps, or obligingly flat ?
His very worst foe can't accuse him of that :
Perhaps he confided in men as they go,
And so was too foolishly honest ? Ah no !
Then what was his failing ? come tell it, and burn
 ye !
He was, could he help it ?—a special attorney.

Here Reynolds is laid, and to tell you my mind,
He has not left a better or wiser behind :
His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand ;
His manners were gentle, complying, and bland ;
Still born to improve us in every part,
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart :
To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,
When they judg'd without skill he was still hard of
hearing :

When they talked of their Raphaels, Correggios,
and stuff,
He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff . . .¹

POSTSCRIPT.

[First printed in the Fifth Edition, 1774.]

After the Fourth Edition of this Poem was printed, the Publisher received an Epitaph on Mr. Whitefoord, from a friend of the late Doctor Goldsmith, inclosed in a letter, of which the following is an abstract :

'I have in my possession a sheet of paper, containing near forty lines in the Doctor's own hand-writing : there are many scattered, broken verses, on Sir Jos. Reynolds, Counsellor Ridge, Mr. Beauclerk, and Mr. Whitefoord. The Epitaph on the last-mentioned gentleman is the only one that is finished, and therefore I have copied it, that you may add it to the next edition. It is a striking proof of Doctor Goldsmith's good-nature. I saw this sheet of paper in the Doctor's room, five or six days before he died ; and, as I had got all the other Epitaphs, I asked him if I might take it. "In truth you may, my Boy," (replied he) "for it will be of no use to me where I am going."



ERE Whitefoord² reclines, and deny it
who can,
Though he *merrily* liv'd, he is now a
grave man ;
Rare compound of oddity, frolic, and fun !
Who relish'd a joke, and rejoic'd in a pun ;

[¹ Prior (*Life of Goldsmith*, 1837, ii. 499) says half a line more had been written. It was, "By flattery unspoiled"—and remained unaltered in the MS.]

[² Caleb Whitefoord, d. 1810, an inveterate punster, and author of the once-popular "Cross Readings," for an account of which see Smith's *Life of Nollekens*, 1828, i. 336-7.]

Whose temper was generous, open, sincere ;
 A stranger to flatt'ry, a stranger to fear ;
 Who scatter'd around wit and humour at will ;
 Whose daily *bon mots* half a column might fill ;
 A Scotchman, from pride and from prejudice free ;
 A scholar, yet surely no pedant was he.
 What pity, alas ! that so lib'ral a mind
 Should so long be to news-paper essays confin'd ;
 Who perhaps to the summit of science could soar,
 Yet content 'if the table he set on a roar ;'
 Whose talents to fill any station were fit,
 Yet happy if Woodfall ¹ confess'd him a wit.
 Ye news-paper witlings ! ye pert scribbling folks !
 Who copied his squibs, and re-echoed his jokes ;
 Ye tame imitators, ye servile herd, come,
 Still follow your master, and visit his tomb :
 To deck it, bring with you festoons of the vine,
 And copious libations bestow on his shrine :
 Then strew all around it (you can do no less)
Cross-readings, Ship-news, and Mistakes of the Press.

Merry Whitefoord, farewell ! for *thy* sake I admit
 That a Scot may have humour, I had almost said
 wit :

This debt to thy mem'ry I cannot refuse,
 'Thou best humour'd man with the worst humour'd
 muse.' ²

[¹ H. S. Woodfall, d. 1805, printer of the *Public Advertiser*, in which the "Cross Readings" appeared.]

[² An adaptation of Rochester on Lord Buckhurst. It is half suspected that Whitefoord wrote this "Postscript" himself.]





THE HAUNCH OF VENISON.
A POETICAL EPISTLE TO
LORD CLARE.



[*The Haunch of Venison, a Poetical Epistle to Lord Clare.*
By the late Dr. Goldsmith. With a Head of the Author,
Drawn by Henry Bunbury, Esq; and Etched by [James]
Bretherton—was first published in 1776 by J. Ridley, in St.
James's Street and G. Kearsly, in Fleet Street. It is sup-
posed to have been written early in 1771. The present ver-
sion is printed from the second edition “taken from the
author's *last Transcript*,” and issued in the same year as the
first.]



THE HAUNCH OF VENISON.

A POETICAL EPISTLE TO LORD CLARE.¹



HANKS, my Lord, for your venison,
for finer or fatter
Never rang'd in a forest, or smok'd in
a platter ;

The haunch was a picture for painters to study,
The fat was so white, and the lean was so ruddy.
Though my stomach was sharp, I could scarce help
regretting

To spoil such a delicate picture by eating ;
I had thoughts, in my chambers, to place it in view,
To be shown to my friends as a piece of *virtù* ;
As in some Irish houses, where things are so so,
One gammon of bacon hangs up for a show :
But for eating a rasher of what they take pride in,
They'd as soon think of eating the pan it is fried in.
But hold—let me pause—Don't I hear you pro-
nounce

This tale of the bacon a damnable bounce ?
Well, suppose it a bounce—sure a poet may try,
By a bounce now and then, to get courage to fly.

[¹ Robert Nugent, of Carlanstown, Westmeath; created Viscount Clare in 1766; in 1776 Earl Nugent.]

But, my Lord, it's no bounce : I protest in my turn,
 It's a truth—and your Lordship may ask Mr. Byrne.¹

To go on with my tale—as I gaz'd on the haunch,
 I thought of a friend that was trusty and staunch ;
 So I cut it, and sent it to Reynolds undress'd,
 To paint it, or eat it, just as he lik'd best.
 Of the neck and the breast I had next to dispose ;
 'Twas a neck and a breast—that might rival
 M[on]r[oe]'s :—²

But in parting with these I was puzzled again,
 With the how, and the who, and the where, and the when.

There's H[owar]d, and C[ole]y, and H—rth, and H[i]ff,³

I think they love venison—I know they love beef ;
 There's my countryman H[i]gg[i]ns—Oh ! let him alone,

For making a blunder, or picking a bone.
 But hang it—to poets who seldom can eat,
 Your very good mutton's a very good treat ;
 Such dainties to them, their health it might hurt,
 It's like sending them ruffles, when wanting a shirt.

While thus I debated, in reverie centred,
 An acquaintance, a friend as he call'd himself,
 enter'd ;

An under-bred, fine-spoken fellow was he,
 And he smil'd as he look'd at the venison and me.

[¹ Lord Clare's nephew.]

[² Dorothy Monroe, a celebrated beauty.]

[³ Paul Hifernan, M.D., a Grub-street writer.]

What have we got here?—Why this is good eating!

Your own, I suppose—or is it in waiting?’

‘ Why, whose should it be?’ cried I with a flounce,
 ‘ I get these things often;’—but that was a bounce:
 ‘ Some lords, my acquaintance, that settle the
 nation,

Are pleas’d to be kind—but I hate ostentation.’

‘ If that be the case, then,’ cried he, very gay,
 ‘ I’m glad I have taken this house in my way.
 To-morrow you take a poor dinner with me;
 No words—I insist on’t—precisely at three:
 We’ll have Johnson, and Burke; all the wits will
 be there;’¹

My acquaintance is slight, or I’d ask my Lord
 Clare.

And now that I think on’t, as I am a sinner!
 We wanted this venison to make out the dinner.
 What say you—a pasty? it shall, and it must,
 And my wife, little Kitty, is famous for crust.
 Here, porter!—this venison with me to Mile-end;
 No stirring—I beg—my dear friend—my dear
 friend!’

Thus snatching his hat, he brush’d off like the wind,
 And the porter and eatables follow’d behind.

Left alone to reflect, having emptied my shelf,
 ‘ And nobody with me at sea but myself;’²

[¹ Cf. Boileau, *Sat.*, iii, ll. 25-6, which Goldsmith had in mind.]

[² A textual quotation from the love letters of Henry Frederick, Duke of Cumberland, to Lady Grosvenor.]

Though I could not help thinking my gentleman
hasty,

Yet Johnson, and Burke, and a good venison pasty,
Were things that I never dislik'd in my life,
Though clogg'd with a coxcomb, and Kitty his wife.
So next day, in due splendour to make my approach,
I drove to his door in my own hackney-coach.

When come to the place where we all were to
dine,

(A chair-lumber'd closet just twelve feet by nine :)
My friend bade me welcome, but struck me quite
dumb,

With tidings that Johnson and Burke would not
come ;¹

‘For I knew it,’ he cried, ‘both eternally fail,
The one with his speeches, and t’other with Thrale;²
But no matter, I’ll warrant we’ll make up the party
With two full as clever, and ten times as hearty.

The one is a Scotchman, the other a Jew,
They[’re] both of them merry and authors like you ;
The one writes the *Snarler*, the other the *Scourge* ;
Some think he writes *Cinna*—he owns to *Panurge*.³
While thus he describ’d them by trade and by name,
They enter’d, and dinner was serv’d as they came.

At the top a fried liver and bacon were seen,
At the bottom was tripe in a swingeing tureen ;

[¹ Cf. Boileau, *ut supra*, ll. 31-4.]

[² Henry Thrale, the Southwark brewer, Johnson’s close friend fr^m 1765.]

[³ These were *noms de guerre* of Dr. W. Scott, Lord Sandwich’s chaplain, an active supporter of the Government.]

At the sides there was spinach and pudding made hot ;

In the middle a place where the pasty—was not.
Now, my Lord, as for tripe, it's my utter aversion,
And your bacon I hate like a Turk or a Persian ;
So there I sat stuck, like a horse in a pound,
While the bacon and liver went merrily round.

But what vex'd me most was that d—'d Scottish rogue,

With his long-winded speeches, his smiles and his brogue ;

And, ‘Madam,’ quoth he, ‘may this bit be my poison,¹

A prettier dinner I never set eyes on ;

Pray a slice of your liver, though may I be curs'd,
But I've eat of your tripe till I'm ready to burst.’

‘The tripe,’ quoth the Jew, with his chocolate cheek,

‘I could dine on this tripe seven days in the week :
I like these here dinners so pretty and small ;
But your friend there, the Doctor, eats nothing
at all.’

‘O—Oh !’ quoth my friend, ‘he'll come on in a trice,

He's keeping a corner for something that's nice :
There's a pasty’—‘A pasty !’ repeated the Jew,
‘I don't care if I keep a corner for’t too.’

‘What the de'il, mon, a pasty !’ re-echoed the Scot,

‘Though splitting, I'll still keep a corner for that.’

‘We'll all keep a corner,’ the lady cried out ;

‘We'll all keep a corner,’ was echoed about.

[¹ Cf. *She Stoops to Conquer*, Act i, Sc. 2.]

While thus we resolv'd, and the pasty delay'd,
 With looks that quite petrified, enter'd the maid ;
 A visage so sad, and so pale with affright,
 Wak'd Priam in drawing his curtains by night.¹
 But we quickly found out, for who could mistake
 her ?

That she came with some terrible news from the
 baker :

And so it fell out, for that negligent sloven
 Had shut out the pasty on shutting his oven.
 Sad Philomel thus—but let similes drop—
 And now that I think on't, the story may stop.
 To be plain, my good Lord, it's but labour mis-
 plac'd

To send such good verses to one of your taste ;
 You've got an odd something—a kind of dis-
 cerning—

A relish—a taste—sicken'd over by learning ;
 At least it's your temper, as very well known,
 That you think very slightly of all that's your own :
 So, perhaps, in your habits of thinking amiss,
 You may make a mistake, and think slightly of this.

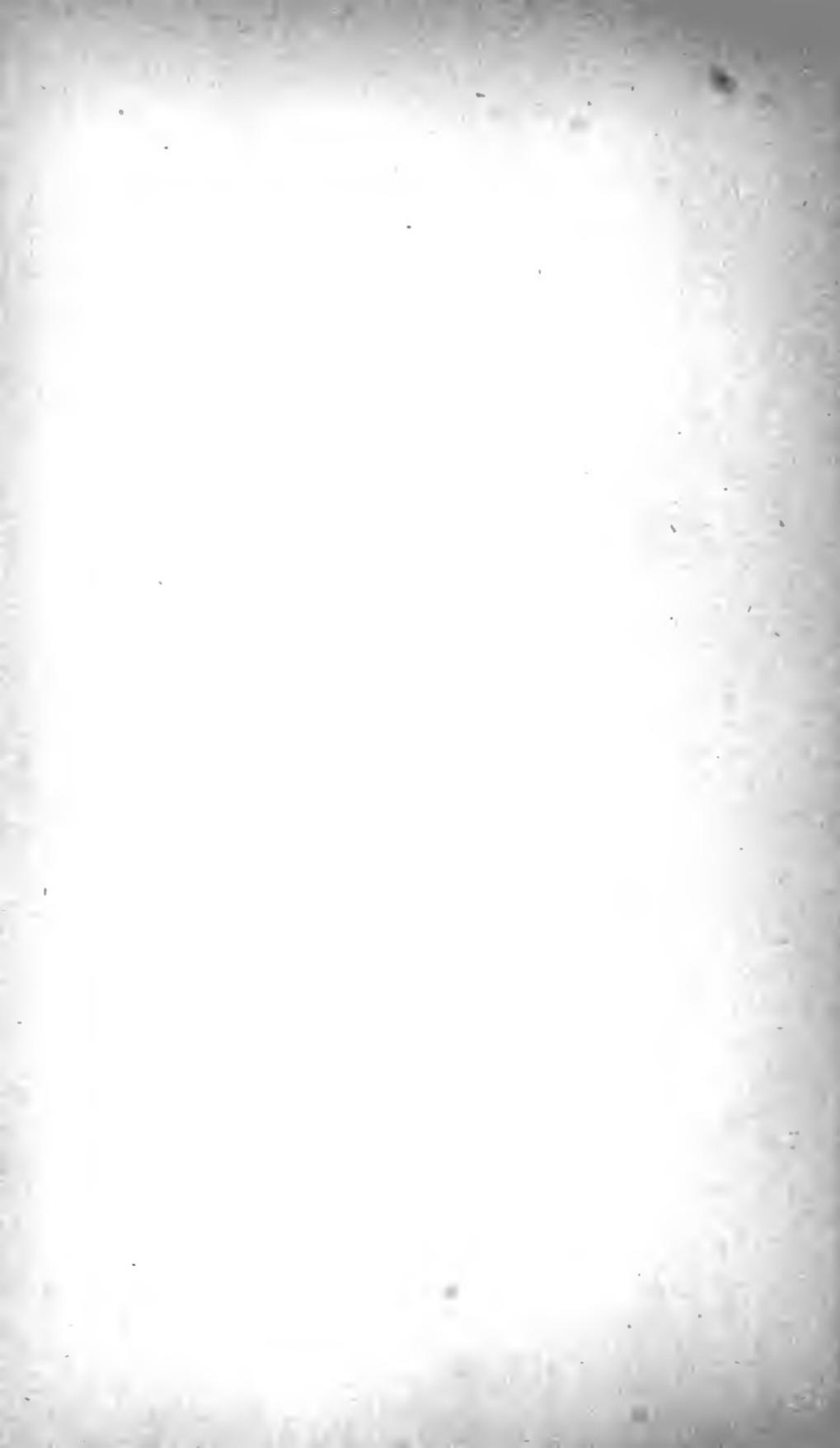
[¹ Cf. *2 Henry IV.* Act i, Sc. 1.]





MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.







PART OF A PROLOGUE WRITTEN AND
SPOKEN BY THE POET LABERIUS,

A ROMAN KNIGHT, WHOM CAESAR
FORCED UPON THE STAGE.

PRESERVED BY MACROBIUS.¹

WHAT ! no way left to shun th' inglorious stage,
And save from infamy my sinking age !
Scarce half alive, oppress'd with many
a year,

What in the name of dotage drives me here ?
A time there was, when glory was my guide,
Nor force nor fraud could turn my steps aside ;
Unaw'd by pow'r, and unappall'd by fear,
With honest thrift I held my honour dear :
But this vile hour disperses all my store,
And all my hoard of honour is no more.
For ah ! too partial to my life's decline,

[¹ First printed at pp. 176-7 of Goldsmith's *Enquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning*, 1759 (ch. xii.—' Of the Stage '). The original lines are to be found in the *Saturnalia* of Macrobius, lib. ii. cap. vii. ed. Zeunii, pp. 369-70.]

Caesar persuades, submission must be mine;
 Him I obey, whom heaven itself obeys,
 Hopeless of pleasing, yet inclin'd to please.
 Here then at once, I welcome every shame,
 And cancel at threescore a life of fame ;
 No more my titles shall my children tell,
 The old buffoon will fit my name as well ;
 This day beyond its term my fate extends,
 For life is ended when our honour ends.

ON A BEAUTIFUL YOUTH STRUCK
 BLIND WITH LIGHTNING.¹

(Imitated from the Spanish.)



URE 'twas by Providence design'd,
 Rather in pity, than in hate,
 That he should be, like Cupid, blind,
 To save him from Narcissus' fate.

[¹ First printed in *The Bee*, 6 October, 1759.]



THE GIFT.

TO IRIS, IN BOW-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN.¹

AY, cruel IRIS, pretty rake,
Dear mercenary beauty,
What annual offering shall I make,
Expressive of my duty?

My heart, a victim to thine eyes,
Should I at once deliver,
Say, would the angry fair one prize
The gift, who slights the giver?

A bill, a jewel, watch, or toy,
My rivals give—and let 'em :
If gems, or gold, impart a joy,
I'll give them—when I get 'em

I'll give—but not the full-blown rose,
Or rose-bud more in fashion ;
Such short-liv'd offerings but disclose
A transitory passion.

[¹ First printed in *The Bee*, 13 October, 1759. It is an adaptation of some lines headed *Etrene à Iris* in Part iii. of the *Ménagiana*.]

I'll give thee something yet unpaid,
Not less sincere than civil :
I'll give thee—Ah ! too charming maid,
I'll give thee—To the Devil.



THE LOGICIANS REFUTED.

IN IMITATION OF DEAN SWIFT.¹

OGICIANS have but ill defin'd
As rational the human kind ;
Reason, they say, belongs to man,
But let them prove it if they can.

Wise Aristotle and Smiglecius,
By ratiocinations specious,
Have strove to prove with great precision,
With definition and division,
Homo est ratione praeditum,—
But for my soul I cannot credit 'em ;
And must in spite of them maintain,
That man and all his ways are vain ;
And that this boasted lord of nature
Is both a weak and erring creature ;
That instinct is a surer guide
Than reason-boasting mortal's pride ;
And that brute beasts are far before 'em
Deus est anima brutorum.
Who ever knew an honest brute

[¹ First printed in *The Busy Body*, 18 October, 1759, with the heading :—"The following poem written by DR. SWIFT, is communicated to the Public by the BUSY BODY, to whom it was presented by a Nobleman of distinguished Learning and Taste." But tradition, and the early editors, ascribe the lines to Goldsmith.]

At law his neighbour prosecute,
Bring action for assault and battery,
Or friends beguile with lies and flattery ?
O'er plains they ramble unconfin'd,
No politics disturb their mind ;
They eat their meals, and take their sport,
Nor know who's in or out at court ;
They never to the levee go
To treat as dearest friend, a foe ;
They never importune his Grace,
Nor ever cringe to men in place ;
Nor undertake a dirty job,
Nor draw the quill to write for B—b.¹
Fraught with invective they ne'er go,
To folks at Paternoster Row ;
No judges, fiddlers, dancing-masters,
No pickpockets, or poetasters,
Are known to honest quadrupeds ;
No single brute his fellow leads.
Brutes never meet in bloody fray,
Nor cut each others' throats, for pay.
Of beasts, it is confess'd, the ape
Comes nearest us in human shape ;
Like man he imitates each fashion,
And malice is his ruling passion ;
But both in malice and grimaces
A courtier any ape surpasses.
Behold him humbly cringing wait
Upon a minister of state ;
View him soon after to inferiors,
Aping the conduct of superiors ;

[¹ Sir Robert Walpole.]

He promises with equal air,
 And to perform takes equal care.
 He in his turn finds imitators ;
 At court, the porters, lacqueys, waiters,
 Their master's manners still contract,
 And footmen, lords and dukes can act.
 Thus at the court both great and small
 Behave alike, for all ape all.

A SONNET.¹

EEPING, murmuring, complaining,
 Lost to every gay delight ;
 MYRA, too sincere for feigning,
 Fears th' approaching bridal night.

Yet, why impair thy bright perfection ?
 Or dim thy beauty with a tear ?
 Had MYRA follow'd my direction,
 She long had wanted cause of fear.

[¹ First printed in *The Bee*, 20 October, 1759. It is said to be an imitation of Denis Sanguin de St.-Pavin, d. 1670.]

STANZAS,

ON THE TAKING OF QUEBEC, AND DEATH OF
GENERAL WOLFE.¹

MIDST the clamour of exulting joys,
 Which triumph forces from the patriot
 heart,
 Grief dares to mingle her soul-piercing
 voice,
 And quells the raptures which from pleasures
 start.

O Wolfe ! to thee a streaming flood of woe,
 Sighing we pay, and think e'en conquest dear ;
 Quebec in vain shall teach our breast to glow,
 Whilst thy sad fate extorts the heart-wrung tear.

Alive, the foe thy dreadful vigour fled,
 And saw thee fall with joy-pronouncing eyes :
 Yet they shall know thou conquerest, though
 dead—
 Since from thy tomb a thousand heroes rise !

[¹ First printed in *The Busy Body*, 22 October, 1759, a week after the news of Wolfe's death (on 13 September previous) had reached England.]

AN ELEGY ON THAT GLORY OF HER
SEX, MRS. MARY BLAIZE.¹



OOD people all, with one accord,
Lament for Madam BLAIZE,
Who never wanted a good word—
From those who spoke her praise.

The needy seldom pass'd her door,
And always found her kind ;
She freely lent to all the poor,—
Who left a pledge behind.

She strove the neighbourhood to please,
With manners wond'rous winning,
And never followed wicked ways,—
Unless when she was sinning.

At church, in silks and satins new,
With hoop of monstrous size,
She never slumber'd in her pew,—
But when she shut her eyes.

Her love was sought, I do aver,
By twenty beaux and more ;
The king himself has follow'd her,—
When she has walk'd before.

[¹ First printed in *The Bee*, 27 October, 1759. It is modelled on the old song of M. de la Palice, a version of which is to be found in Part iii. of the *Ménagiana*.]

But now her wealth and finery fled,
Her hangers-on cut short all ;
The doctors found, when she was dead,—
Her last disorder mortal.

Let us lament, in sorrow sore,
For Kent-street well may say,
That had she lived a twelve-month more,—
She had not died to-day.



DESCRIPTION OF AN AUTHOR'S BEDCHAMBER.¹

 HERE the Red Lion flaring o'er the way,
 Invites each passing stranger that can pay ;
 Where Calvert's butt, and Parsons' black champagne,²
 Regale the drabs and bloods of Drury-lane ;
 There in a lonely room, from bailiffs snug,
 The Muse found Scroggen stretch'd beneath a rug ;
 A window, patch'd with paper, lent a ray,
 That dimly show'd the state in which he lay ;
 The sanded floor that grits beneath the tread ;
 The humid wall with paltry pictures spread :
 The royal game of goose was there in view,
 And the twelve rules the royal martyr drew ;³
 The seasons, fram'd with listing, found a place,
 And brave prince William show'd his lamp-black face ;⁴

[¹ First printed in a Chinese Letter in *The Public Ledger*,

² May, 1760, afterwards Letter xxix. of *The Citizen of the World*, 1762, i. 121.]

[² *i.e.*, "Entire butt beer" or porter.]

[³ See notes, p. 40.]

[⁴ William Augustus, Duke of Cumberland, 1721-65,—probably a silhouette.]

The morn was cold, he views with keen desire
The rusty grate unconscious of a fire ;
With beer and milk arrears the frieze was scor'd,
And five crack'd teacups dress'd the chimney board ;
A nightcap deck'd his brows instead of bay,
A cap by night—a stocking all the day !¹

[¹ Cf. *The Deserted Village*, p. 39 :—
“ A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day.”]



ON SEEING MRS. * * PERFORM IN
THE CHARACTER OF * * *.¹



OR you, bright fair, the Nine address
their lays,
And tune my feeble voice to sing thy
praise.

The heartfelt power of every charm divine,
Who can withstand their all commanding shine ?
See how she moves along with every grace,
While soul-brought tears steal down each shining
face.

She speaks ! 'tis rapture all, and nameless bliss,
Ye gods ! what transport e'er compared to this ?
As when in Paphian groves the Queen of Love
With fond complaint address'd the listening Jove ;
'Twas joy and endless blisses all around,
And rocks forgot their hardness at the sound.
Then first, at last even Jove was taken in,
And felt her charms, without disguise, within.

[¹ From Letter lxxxii. of *The Citizen of the World*, 1762, ii. 87, first printed in *The Public Ledger*, 21 October, 1760. The verses are intended as a specimen of the newspaper muse.]

OF THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT
HON. * * *.¹



E muses, pour the pitying tear
For Pollio snatch'd away ;
O ! had he liv'd another year !
He had not died to-day.

O ! were he born to bless mankind
In virtuous times of yore,
Heroes themselves had fallen behind
Whene'er he went before.

How sad the groves and plains appear,
And sympathetic sheep ;
Even pitying hills would drop a tear
If hills could learn to weep.

His bounty in exalted strain
Each bard might well display :
Since none implor'd relief in vain
That went reliev'd away.

[¹ From Letter ciii. of *The Citizen of the World*, 1762, ii. 164, first printed in *The Public Ledger*, 4 March, 1761. The verses are given as "a specimen of a poem on the decease of a great man." Cf. the *Elegy on Mrs. Mary Blaize*, p. 77.]

And hark ! I hear the tuneful throng
His obsequies forbid,
He still shall live, shall live as long
As ever dead man did.



AN EPIGRAM.

ADDRESSED TO THE GENTLEMEN REFLECTED ON
IN THE ROSCIAD, A POEM, BY THE AUTHOR.¹

Worried with debts, and past all hopes of bail,
His pen he prostitutes t'avoid a gaol.

Roscom.



ET not the *hungry* Bavius' angry stroke
Awake resentment, or your rage pro-
voke—
But pitying his distress, let virtue²
shine,
And giving each your bounty,³ *let him dine*.
For thus retain'd, as learned counsel can,
Each case, however bad, he'll new japan ;
And by a quick transition, plainly show
'Twas no defect of yours, but *pocket low*,
That caus'd his *putrid kennel* to o'erflow.

[¹ From Letter cx. of *The Citizen of the World*, 1762, ii. 193, first printed in *The Public Ledger*, 14th April, 1761. The epigram, however, had been printed in the *Ledger* for 4th April, and so was only revived in the letter of ten days later. It is one of Goldsmith's doubtful pieces, but his animosity to Churchill is unquestioned.]

² Charity (*Author's note*).

³ Settled at one shilling, the price of the poem (*Author's note*).

TO G. C. AND R. L.¹

 WAS you, or I, or he, or all together,
 'Twas one, both, three of them, they
 know not whether ;
 This, I believe, between us great or
 small,
 You, I, he, wrote it not—'twas Churchill's all.

TRANSLATION OF A SOUTH
AMERICAN ODE.²

 N all my Enna's beauties blest,
 Amidst profusion still I pine ;
 For though she gives me up her breast,
 Its panting tenant is not mine.

[¹ From the same letter as the preceding epigram ; but not a reprint. George Colman (G. C.), and Robert Lloyd (R. L.), were supposed to have assisted Churchill in the *Rosciad*, the "it" of the epigram.]

[² From Letter cxiii. of *The Citizen of the World*, 1762, ii. 209, first printed in *The Public Ledger*, 13th May, 1761.]

THE DOUBLE TRANSFORMATION.

A TALE.¹

ECLUDED from domestic strife,
Jack Book-worm led a college life ;
A fellowship at twenty-five
Made him the happiest man alive ;
He drank his glass and cracked his joke,
And Freshmen wondered as he spoke.

Such pleasures unalloy'd with care,
Could any accident impair ?
Could Cupid's shaft at length transfix
Our swain, arriv'd at thirty-six ?
O had the archer ne'er come down
To ravage in a country town !
Or Flavia been content to stop
At triumphs in a Fleet-street shop.
O had her eyes forgot to blaze !
Or Jack had wanted eyes to gaze.
O !—But let exclamation cease,
Her presence banish'd all his peace.
So with decorum all things carried ;
Miss frown'd, and blush'd, and then was—married.

[¹ First printed in *Essays, by Mr. Goldsmith*, 1765, p. 229. The version here followed is that of the second edition of 1766, which was revised.]

Need we expose to vulgar sight
The raptures of the bridal night ?
Need we intrude on hallow'd ground,
Or draw the curtains clos'd around ?
Let it suffice, that each had charms ;
He clasp'd a goddess in his arms ;
And, though she felt his usage rough,
Yet in a man 'twas well enough.

The honey-moon like lightning flew,
The second brought its transports too.
A third, a fourth, were not amiss,
The fifth was friendship mix'd with bliss :
But, when a twelvemonth pass'd away,
Jack found his goddess made of clay ;
Found half the charms that deck'd her face
Arose from powder, shreds, or lace ;
But still the worst remain'd behind,
That very face had robb'd her mind.

Skill'd in no other arts was she,
But dressing, patching, repartee ;
And, just as humour rose or fell,
By turns a slattern or a belle :
'Tis true she dress'd with modern grace,
Half naked at a ball or race ;
But when at home, at board or bed,
Five greasy nightcaps wrapp'd her head.
Could so much beauty condescend
To be a dull domestic friend ?
Could any curtain-lectures bring
To decency so fine a thing ?
In short, by night, 'twas fits or fretting ;

By day, 'twas gadding or coquetting.
Fond to be seen, she kept a bevy
Of powder'd coxcombs at her levy ;
The 'squire and captain took their stations,
And twenty other near relations ;
Jack suck'd his pipe, and often broke
A sigh in suffocating smoke ;
While all their hours were pass'd between
Insulting repartee or spleen.

Thus as her faults each day were known,
He thinks her features coarser grown ;
He fancies every vice she shows,
Or thins her lip, or points her nose :
Whenever rage or envy rise,
How wide her mouth, how wild her eyes !
He knows not how, but so it is,
Her face is grown a knowing phiz ;
And, though her fops are wond'rous civil,
He thinks her ugly as the devil.

Now, to perplex the ravell'd noose,
As each a different way pursues,
While sullen or loquacious strife,
Promis'd to hold them on for life,
That dire disease, whose ruthless power
Withers the beauty's transient flower :
Lo ! the small-pox, whose horrid glare
Levell'd its terrors at the fair :
And, rifling ev'ry youthful grace,
Left but the remnant of a face.

The glass, grown hateful to her sight,
Reflected now a perfect fright :

Each former art she vainly tries
To bring back lustre to her eyes.
In vain she tries her paste and creams,
To smooth her skin, or hide its seams ;
Her country beaux and city cousins,
Lovers no more, flew off by dozens :
The 'squire himself was seen to yield,
And even the captain quit the field.

Poor Madam, now condemn'd to hack
The rest of life with anxious Jack,
Perceiving others fairly flown,
Attempted pleasing him alone.
Jack soon was dazzl'd to behold
Her present face surpass the old ;
With modesty her cheeks are dy'd,
Humility displaces pride ;
For tawdry finery is seen
A person ever neatly clean :
No more presuming on her sway,
She learns good-nature every day ;
Serenely gay, and strict in duty,
Jack finds his wife a perfect beauty.



A NEW SIMILE.

IN THE MANNER OF SWIFT.¹

LONG had I sought in vain to find
 A likeness for the scribbling kind ;
 The modern scribbling kind, who write
 In wit, and sense, and nature's spite :
 Till reading, I forgot what day on,
 A chapter out of Tooke's Pantheon,
 I think I met with something there,
 To suit my purpose to a hair ;
 But let us not proceed too furious,
 First please to turn to god Mercurius ;
 You'll find him pictur'd at full length
 In book the second, page the tenth :
 The stress of all my proofs on him I lay,
 And now proceed we to our simile.

Imprimis, pray observe his hat,
 Wings upon either side—mark that.
 Well ! what is it from thence we gather ?
 Why these denote a brain of feather.
 A brain of feather ! very right,
 With wit that's flighty, learning light ;
 Such as to modern bard's decree'd :
 A just comparison,—proceed.

[¹ First printed in *Essays*, by Mr. Goldsmith, 1765, p. 234. The version here followed is that of the second edition of 1766, which was slightly revised.]

In the next place, his feet peruse,
Wings grow again from both his shoes ;
Design'd, no doubt, their part to bear,
And waft his godship through the air ;
And here my simile unites,
For in a modern poet's flights,
I'm sure it may be justly said,
His feet are useful as his head.

Lastly, vouchsafe t' observe his hand,
Filled with a snake-encircl'd wand ;
By classic authors term'd caduceus,
And highly fam'd for several uses.
To wit—most wond'rously endu'd,
No poppy water ¹ half so good ;
For let folks only get a touch,
Its soporific virtue's such,
Though ne'er so much awake before,
That quickly they begin to snore.
Add too, what certain writers tell,
With this he drives men's souls to hell.

Now to apply, begin we then ;
His wand's a modern author's pen ;
The serpents round about it twirr'd
Denote him of the reptile kind ;
Denote the rage with which he writes,
His frothy slaver, venom'd bites ;
An equal semblance still to keep,
Alike too both conduce to sleep.

[¹ A favourite sleeping-draught. “ Juno shall give her peacock *poppy-water*.” (Congreve's *Love for Love*, 1695, Act IV., sc. 3.)]

This difference only, as the god
Drove souls to Tart'rus with his rod,
With his goosequill the scribbling elf,
Instead of others, damns himself.

And here my simile almost tript,
Yet grant a word by way of postscript.
Moreover, Merc'ry had a failing :
Well ! what of that ? out with it—stealing ;
In which all modern bards agree,
Being each as great a thief as he :
But ev'n this deity's existence
Shall lend my simile assistance.
Our modern bards ! why what a pox
Are they but senseless stones and blocks ?



EDWIN AND ANGELINA.

A BALLAD.¹

URN, gentle Hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way,
To where yon taper cheers the vale,
With hospitable ray.

‘For here, forlorn and lost I tread,
With fainting steps and slow ;
Where wilds, immeasurably spread,
Seem lengthening as I go.’

‘Forbear, my son,’ the Hermit cries,
‘To tempt the dangerous gloom ;
For yonder faithless phantom² flies
To lure thee to thy doom.

‘Here to the houseless child of want
My door is open still ;

[¹ Written in or before 1765, when it was printed privately “for the amusement of the Countess of Northumberland,” under the title of *Edwin and Angelina. A Ballad. By Mr. Goldsmith.* A copy in this rare form was sold at Heber’s sale for 3s. It was first published in *The Vicar of Wakefield*, 1766, i. 70 (ch. viii.) ; and again in *Poems for Young Ladies*, 1767, p. 91. The version here followed is that in the fifth edition of the *Vicar*, 1773 [4], pp. 78-85.]

[² i.e., Will o’ the Wisp.]

And though my portion is but scant,
I give it with good will.

‘ Then turn to-night, and freely share
Whate’er my cell bestows ;
My rushy couch, and frugal fare,
My blessing and repose.

No flocks that range the valley free
To slaughter I condemn :
Taught by that Power that pities me,
I learn to pity them.

‘ But from the mountain’s grassy side
A guiltless feast I bring ;
A scrip with herbs and fruits supplied,
And water from the spring.

‘ Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego ;
All earth-born cares are wrong :
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.’¹

Soft as the dew from heav’n descends,
His gentle accents fell :
The modest stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure
The lonely mansion lay ;
A refuge to the neighbouring poor
And strangers led astray.

[¹ A quotation from Young’s *Complaint*, Night iv., 1743.
p. 9.]

No stores beneath its humble thatch
Requir'd a master's care ;
The wicket, opening with a latch,
Receiv'd the harmless pair.

And now, when busy crowds retire
To take their evening rest,
The Hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And cheer'd his pensive guest :

And spread his vegetable store,
And gaily press'd, and smil'd ;
And, skill'd in legendary lore,
The lingering hours beguil'd.

Around in sympathetic mirth
Its tricks the kitten tries ;
The cricket chirrups in the hearth ;
The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
To soothe the stranger's woe ;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the Hermit spied,
With answering care oppress'd ;
' And whence, unhappy youth,' he cried,
' The sorrows of thy breast ?

' From better habitations spurn'd,
Reluctant dost thou rove ;
Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
Or unregarded love ?

‘ Alas ! the joys that fortune brings
Are trifling and decay ;
And those who prize the paltry things,
More trifling still than they.

‘ And what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep ;
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
But leaves the wretch to weep ?

‘ And love is still an emptier sound,
The modern fair one’s jest :
On earth unseen, or only found
To warm the turtle’s nest.

‘ For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush,
And spurn the sex,’ he said :
But, while he spoke, a rising blush
His love-lorn guest betray’d.

Surpris’d, he sees new beauties rise,
Swift mantling to the view ;
Like colours o’er the morning skies,
As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
Alternate spread alarms :
The lovely stranger stands confess’d
A maid in all her charms.

‘ And, ah ! forgive a stranger rude,
A wretch forlorn,’ she cried ;
‘ Whose feet unhallow’d thus intrude
Where heaven and you reside.

‘ But let a maid thy pity share,
Whom love has taught to stray ;
Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
Companion of her way.

‘ My father liv’d beside the Tyne,
A wealthy lord was he ;
And all his wealth was mark’d as mine,
He had but only me.

‘ To win me from his tender arms
Unnumber’d suitors came ;
Who prais’d me for imputed charnis,
And felt or feign’d a flame.

‘ Each hour a mercenary crowd
With richest proffers strove :
Amongst the rest young Edwin bow’d,
But never talk’d of love.

‘ In humble, simplest habit clad,
No wealth nor power had he ;
Wisdom and worth were all he had,
But these were all to me.

[‘ And when beside me in the dale
He caroll’d lays of love ;
His breath lent fragrance to the gale,
And music to the grove.^{1]}]

[¹ This stanza, which is not in the contemporary versions, was given to Bishop Percy, for his edition of the *Works* (1801), by Richard Archdal, Esq., who had received it from the author.]

'The blossom opening to the day,
The dews of heaven refin'd,
Could nought of purity display,
To emulate his mind.

'The dew, the blossom on the tree,
With charms inconstant shine ;
Their charms were his, but woe to me !
Their constancy was mine.

'For still I tried each fickle art,
Importunate and vain :
And while his passion touch'd my heart,
I triumph'd in his pain.

'Till quite dejected with my scorn,
He left me to my pride ;
And sought a solitude forlorn,
In secret, where he died.

'But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
And well my life shall pay ;
I'll seek the solitude he sought,
And stretch me where he lay.

'And there forlorn, despairing, hid,
I'll lay me down and die ;
'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
And so for him will I.'

'Forbid it, Heaven !' the Hermit cried,
And clasp'd her to his breast :
The wondering fair one turned to chide,
'Twas Edwin's self that prest.

'Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
My charmer, turn to see
Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
Restor'd to love and thee.'

'Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And ev'ry care resign ;
And shall we never, never part,
My life—my all that's mine ?

'No, never from this hour to part,
We'll live and love so true ;
The sigh that rends thy constant heart
Shall break thy Edwin's too.'



ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG.¹



OOD people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song ;
And if you find it wond'rous short,
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran,
Whene'er he went to pray.²

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes ;
The naked every day he clad,
When he put on his clothes.²

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends ;
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain some private ends,
Went mad and bit the man.

[¹ First printed in *The Vicar of Wakefield*, 1766, i. 175.]

[² Cf. *An Elegy on Mrs. Mary Blaize*, p. 77 ante.]

Around from all the neighbouring streets
The wond'ring neighbours ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seem'd both sore and sad
To every Christian eye ;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
That show'd the rogues they lied :
The man recover'd of the bite,
The dog it was that died.¹

[¹ This termination is based upon an epigram in the *Greek Anthology*, or perhaps upon an adaptation by Voltaire :

“L'autre jour, au fond d'un vallon
Un serpent mordit Jean Fréron.
Devinez ce qu'il arriva ?
Ce fut le serpent qui creva.”]



SONG,

FROM 'THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.'¹

HEN lovely Woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy,
What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom, is—to die.

[¹ Sung by Olivia in chap. v. of *The Vicar of Wakefield*, 1766, ill. 78, where it was first printed.]



EPILOGUE TO 'THE SISTER.'



HAT ! five long acts—and all to make
us wiser !

Our authoress sure has wanted an
adviser.

Had she consulted *me*, she should have made
Her moral play a speaking masquerade ;
Warm'd up each bustling scene, and in her rage
Have emptied all the green-room on the stage.
My life on't, this had kept her play from sinking ;
Have pleas'd our eyes, and sav'd the pain of
thinking.

Well ! since she thus has shown her want of skill,
What if I give a masquerade ?—I will.
But how ? ay, there's the rub ! [pausing]—I've got
my cue :

The world's a masquerade ! the maskers, you, you,
you. (To Boxes, Pit, and Gallery.)

Lud ! what a group the motley scene discloses !
False wits, false wives, false virgins, and false
spouses !

Statesmen with bridles on ; and, close beside 'em,
Patriots, in party-coloured suits, that ride 'em.

There Hebes, turn'd of fifty, try once more
To raise a flame in Cupids of threescore.

[¹ *The Sister*, 1769, in which this epilogue was first printed, was a comedy by Mrs. Charlotte Lennox (1720-1804), produced at Covent Garden, 18 February, 1769.]

These in their turn, with appetites as keen,
Deserting fifty, fasten on fifteen,
Miss, not yet full fifteen, with fire uncommon,
Flings down her sampler, and takes up the woman :
The little urchin smiles, and spreads her lure,
And tries to kill, ere she's got power to cure.
Thus 'tis with all—their chief and constant care
Is to seem everything but what they are.
Yon broad, bold, angry spark, I fix my eye on,
Who seems to have robb'd his vizor from the lion ;
Who frowns, and talks, and swears, with round
parade,
Looking, as who should say, Dam'me ! who's
afraid ? *(mimicking.)*
Strip but his vizor off, and sure I am
You'll find his lionship a very lamb.
Yon politician, famous in debate,
Perhaps, to vulgar eyes, bestrides the state ;
Yet, when he deigns his real shape t' assume,
He turns old woman, and bestrides a broom.
Yon patriot, too, who presses on your sight,
And seems to every gazer all in white,
If with a bribe his candour you attack,
He bows, turns round, and whip—the man's a
black !
Yon critic, too—but whither do I run ?
If I proceed, our bard will be undone !
Well then a truce, since she requests it too :
Do you spare her, and I'll for once spare you.

PROLOGUE TO 'ZOBEIDE.'¹

SPOKEN BY QUICK IN THE CHARACTER OF A
SAILOR.



N these bold times,² when Learning's
sons explore
The distant climate and the savage
shore ;

When wise Astronomers to India steer,
And quit for Venus, many a brighter here ;
While Botanists, all cold to smiles and dimpling,
Forsake the fair, and patiently—go simpling ;
When every bosom swells with wond'rous scenes,
Priests, cannibals, and hoity-toity queens :
Our bard into the general spirit enters,
And fits his little frigate for adventures :
With Scythian stores, and trinkets deeply laden,
He this way steers his course, in hopes of trading—
Yet ere he lands he's ordered me before,
To make an observation on the shore.
Where are we driven ? our reck'ning sure is lost !
This seems a barren and a dangerous coast.

[¹ *Zobeide* was a play by Joseph Cradock of Gumley, in Leicestershire, a friend of Goldsmith's latter days. It was translated from *Les Scythes* of Voltaire, and produced at Covent Garden, 11 December, 1771. Goldsmith's prologue is here printed from Cradock's *Memoirs*, 1828, iii. 8.]

[² A reference to Cook's just concluded voyage to Otaheite to observe the transit of Venus.]

Lord, what a sultry climate am I under !

Yon ill foreboding cloud seems big with thunder.

(*Upper Gallery.*)

There Mangroves spread, and larger than I've seen
'em—

(*Pit.*)

Here trees of stately size—and turtles in 'em—

(*Balconies.*)

Here ill-condition'd oranges abound—

(*Stage.*)

And apples (*takes up one and tastes it*), bitter apples
strew the ground.

The place is uninhabited, I fear !

I heard a hissing—there are serpents here !

O there the natives are—a dreadful race !

The men have tails, the women paint the face !

No doubt they're all barbarians.—Yes, 'tis so ;

I'll try to make palaver¹ with them though ;

(*making signs.*)

'Tis best, however, keeping at a distance.

Good Savages, our Captain craves assistance ;

Our ship's well stor'd ;—in yonder creek we've
laid her ;

His honour is no mercenary trader ;²

This is his first adventure ; lend him aid,

Or you may chance to spoil a thriving trade.

His goods, he hopes, are prime, and brought from
far,

Equally fit for gallantry and war.

What ! no reply to promises so ample ?

I'd best step back—and order up a sample.

[¹ *i.e.* to hold a parley.]

[² Cradock gave his profits to his "Zobeide,"—Mrs. Yates,
the actress.]

THRENODIA AUGUSTALIS:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF HER LATE ROYAL
HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS DOWAGER
OF WALES.¹

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following may more properly be termed a compilation than a poem. It was prepared for the composer in little more than two days : and may therefore rather be considered as an industrious effort of gratitude than of genius.

In justice to the composer it may likewise be right to inform the public, that the music was adapted in a period of time equally short.

SPEAKERS.

Mr. Lee and Mrs. Bellamy.

SINGERS.

Mr. Champnes, Mr. Dine, and Miss Jameson.
The music prepared and adapted by Signor Vento.

[¹ Augusta, mother of George the Third, who died at Carlton House, 8 February, 1772. This piece was spoken and sung in Mrs. Teresa Cornelys' Great Room in Soho Square on Thursday, the 20th following, being sold at the doors as a 4to. pamphlet. The publisher was W. Woodfall. The author's name was not given ; but the advertisement here reproduced preceded the verses, with the list of performers.]

THRENODIA AUGUSTALIS.

OVERTURE—A SOLEMN DIRGE, AIR—TRIO.



RISE, ye sons of worth, arise,
And waken every note of woe ;
When truth and virtue reach the skies,
'Tis ours to weep the want below !

CHORUS.

When truth and virtue, &c.

MAN SPEAKER.

The praise attending pomp and power,
The incense given to kings,
Are but the trappings of an hour,
Mere transitory things.
The base bestow them : but the good agree
To spurn the venal gifts as flattery.
But when to pomp and power are joined
An equal dignity of mind ;
When titles are the smallest claim :
When wealth, and rank, and noble blood,
But aid the power of doing good,
Then all their trophies last,—and flattery turns
to fame.

Blest spirit thou, whose fame, just born to bloom,
Shall spread and flourish from the tomb,
How hast thou left mankind for Heaven !

Even now reproach and faction mourn,
And, wondering how their rage was born,
Request to be forgiven !

Alas ! they never had thy hate :
Unmov'd in conscious rectitude,
Thy towering mind self-centred stood,
Nor wanted man's opinion to be great.
In vain, to charm thy ravish'd sight,
A thousand gifts would fortune send ;
In vain, to drive thee from the right,
A thousand sorrows urg'd thy end :
Like some well-fashion'd arch thy patience stood,
And purchas'd strength from its increasing load.
Pain met thee like a friend to set thee free,
Affliction still is virtue's opportunity !
Virtue, on herself relying,
Every passion hushed to rest,
Loses every pain of dying
In the hopes of being blest.
Every added pang she suffers
Some increasing good bestows,
And every shock that malice offers
Only rocks her to repose.

SONG. BY A MAN.—AFFETTUOSO.

Virtue, on herself relying,
Every passion hushed to rest,
Loses every pain of dying
In the hopes of being blest.
Every added pang she suffers
Some increasing good bestows,
And every shock that malice offers
Only rocks her to repose.

WOMAN SPEAKER.

Yet ah ! what terrors frowned upon her fate,
Death with its formidable band,
Fever, and pain, and pale consumptive care,
Determin'd took their stand.
Nor did the cruel ravagers design
To finish all their efforts at a blow :
But, mischievously slow,
They robb'd the relic and defac'd the shrine.
With unavailing grief,
Despairing of relief,
Her weeping children round,
Beheld each hour
Death's growing power,
And trembled as he frown'd.

As helpless friends who view from shore
The labouring ship, and hear the tempest roar,
While winds and waves their wishes cross :
They stood, while hope and comfort fail,
Not to assist, but to bewail
The inevitable loss.
Relentless tyrant, at thy call
How do the good, the virtuous fall !
Truth, beauty, worth, and all that most engage,
But wake thy vengeance and provoke thy rage.

SONG. BY A MAN—BASSO, STACCATO, SPIRITOSO.
When vice my dart and scythe supply
How great a king of terrors I !
If folly, fraud, your hearts engage,
Tremble, ye mortals, at my rage !
Fall, round me fall, ye little things,

Ye statesmen, warriors, poets, kings !
If virtue fail her counsel sage,
Tremble, ye mortals, at my rage !

MAN SPEAKER.

Yet let that wisdom, urged by her example,
Teach us to estimate what all must suffer ;
Let us prize death as the best gift of nature,
As a safe inn, where weary travellers,
When they have journey'd through a world of cares,
May put off life and be at rest for ever.
Groans, weeping friends, indeed, and gloomy
sables,
May oft distract us with their sad solemnity.
The preparation is the executioner.
Death, when unmask'd, shows me a friendly face,
And is a terror only at a distance :
For as the line of life conducts me on
To death's great court, the prospect seems more
fair,
'Tis nature's kind retreat, that's always open
To take us in when we have drained the cup
Of life, or worn our days to wretchedness.
In that secure, serene retreat,
Where all the humble, all the great,
Promiscuously recline :
Where wildly huddled to the eye,
The beggar's pouch and prince's purple lie,
May every bliss be thine.
And ah ! blest spirit, wheresoe'er thy flight,
Through rolling worlds, or fields of liquid light,
May cherubs welcome their expected guest,
May saints with songs receive thee to their rest,

May peace that claim'd while here thy warmest
love,
May blissful endless peace be thine above !

SONG. BY A WOMAN—AMOROSO.

Lovely lasting Peace below,
Comforter of every woe,
Heavenly born and bred on high,
To crown the favourites of the sky ;
Lovely lasting Peace, appear,
This world itself, if thou art here,
Is once again with Eden blest,
And man contains it in his breast.

WOMAN SPEAKER.

Our vows are heard ! Long, long to mortal eyes,
Her soul was fitting to its kindred skies :
Celestial-like her bounty fell,
Where modest want and patient sorrow dwell,
Want pass'd for merit at her door,
Unseen the modest were supplied,
Her constant pity fed the poor,
Then only poor, indeed, the day she died.
And oh ! for this ! while sculpture decks thy shrine,
And art exhausts profusion round,
The tribute of a tear be mine,
A simple song, a sigh profound.
There Faith shall come, a pilgrim gray,¹
To bless the tomb that wraps thy clay :
And calm Religion shall repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there.

[¹ These four lines, with some alteration, are taken from Collins's *Ode written in the year 1746.*]

Truth, Fortitude, and Friendship, shall agree
To blend their virtues while they think of thee.

AIR. CHORUS—POMPOSO.

Let us, let all the world agree,
To profit by resembling thee.



PART II.

OVERTURE.—PASTORALY.

MAN SPEAKER.



AST by that shore where Thames'
translucent stream
Reflects new glories on his breast,
Where, splendid as the youthful poet's
dream,

He forms a scene beyond Elysium blest :
Where sculptur'd elegance and native grace
Unite to stamp the beauties of the place :
While, sweetly blending, still are seen
The wavy lawn, the sloping green :
While novelty, with cautious cunning,
Through every maze of fancy running,
From China borrows aid to deck the scene :
There sorrowing by the river's glassy bed,
Forlorn, a rural band complain'd,
All whom Augusta's bounty fed,
All whom her clemency sustain'd ;
The good old sire, unconscious of decay,
The modest matron, clad in homespun gray,
The military boy, the orphan'd maid,
The shatter'd veteran, now first dismay'd ;
These sadly join beside the murmuring deep,
And as they view

The towers of Kew,¹
Call on their mistress, now no more, and weep.

CHORUS.—AFFETTUOSO, LARGO.

Ye shady walks, ye waving greens,
Ye nodding towers, ye fairy scenes,
Let all your echoes now deplore,
That she who form'd your beauties is no more.

MAN SPEAKER.

First of the train the patient rustic came,
Whose callous hand had form'd the scene,
Bending at once with sorrow and with age,
With many a tear, and many a sigh between,
'And where,' he cried, 'shall now my babes
have bread,
Or how shall age support its feeble fire?
No lord will take me now, my vigour fled,
Nor can my strength perform what they require:
Each grudging master keeps the labourer bare,
A sleek and idle race is all their care:
My noble mistress thought not so!
Her bounty, like the morning dew,
Unseen, though constant, used to flow,
And as my strength decay'd, her bounty grew.'

WOMAN SPEAKER.

In decent dress, and coarsely clean,
The pious matron next was seen,

[¹ "The embellishment of Kew Palace and gardens, under the direction of [Sir William] Chambers and others, was the favourite object of her [Royal Highness's] widowhood." (Bolton Corney.)]

Clasp'd in her hand a godly book was borne,
 By use and daily meditation worn ;
 That decent dress, this holy guide,
 Augusta's care had well supplied.
 'And ah !' she cries, all woe-begone,
 'What now remains for me ?
 Oh ! where shall weeping want repair,
 To ask for charity ?
 Too late in life for me to ask,
 And shame prevents the deed,
 And tardy, tardy are the times
 To succour, should I need.
 But all my wants, before I spoke,
 Were to my Mistress known ;
 She still reliev'd, nor sought my praise,
 Contented with her own.
 But every day her name I'll bless,
 My morning prayer, my evening song,
 I'll praise her while my life shall last,
 A life that cannot last me long."

SONG. BY A WOMAN.

Each day, each hour, her name I'll bless,
 My morning and my evening song,
 And when in death my vows shall cease,
 My children shall the note prolong.

MAN SPEAKER.

The hardy veteran after struck the sight,
 Scarr'd, mangled, maim'd in every part,
 Lopp'd of his limbs in many a gallant fight,
 In nought entire—except his heart :
 Mute for a while, and sullenly distress'd.

At last the impetuous sorrow fired his breast.
‘ Wild is the whirlwind rolling
O’er Afric’s sandy plain,
And wild the tempest howling
Along the billowed main :¹
But every danger felt before,
The raging deep, the whirlwind’s roar,
Less dreadful struck me with dismay,
Than what I feel this fatal day.
Oh, let me fly a land that spurns the brave,
Oswego’s dreary shores shall be my grave ;²
I’ll seek that less inhospitable coast,
And lay my body where my limbs were lost.’

SONG. BY A MAN.—BASSO, SPIRITOSO.

Old Edward’s sons, unknown to yield,
Shall crowd from Cressy’s laurell’d field,
To do thy memory right :
For thine and Britain’s wrongs they feel,
Again they snatch the gleamy steel,
And wish the avenging fight.³

WOMAN SPEAKER.

In innocence and youth complaining,
Next appear’d a lovely maid,
Affliction o’er each feature reigning,
Kindly came in beauty’s aid ;
Every grace that grief dispenses,

[¹ Cf. *The Captivity*, p. 139.]

[² Cf. *The Traveller*, p. 21.]

[³ Varied from Collins’s *Ode on the Death of Colonel Charles Ross at Fontenoy*.]

Every glance that warms the soul,
In sweet succession charm'd the senses,
While pity harmoniz'd the whole.

'The garland of beauty' ('tis thus she would say,)
'No more shall my crook or my temples adorn,
I'll not wear a garland, Augusta's away,
I'll not wear a garland until she return :
But alas ! that return I never shall see :
The echoes of Thames shall my sorrows proclaim,
There promis'd a lover to come, but, Oh me !
'Twas death,—'twas the death of my mistress that
came.

But ever, for ever, her image shall last,
I'll strip all the spring of its earliest bloom ;
On her grave shall the cowslip and primrose be
cast,
And the new-blossom'd thorn shall whiten her
tomb.'

SONG. BY A WOMAN.—PASTORALE.

With garlands of beauty the queen of the May
No more will her crook or her temples adorn ;
For who'd wear a garland when she is away,
When she is remov'd, and shall never return.

On the grave of Augusta these garlands be plac'd,
We'll rifle the spring of its earliest bloom,¹
And there shall the cowslip and primrose be cast,
And the new-blossom'd thorn shall whiten her
tomb.

[¹ Cf. Collins's *Dirge in Cymbeline.*]

CHORUS.—ALTRO MODO.

On the grave of Augusta this garland be plac'd,
We'll rifle the spring of its earliest bloom ;
And there shall the cowslip and primrose be cast,
And the tears of her country shall water her tomb.



SONG.

INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN SUNG IN 'SHE
STOOPS TO CONQUER.'¹



H, me ! when shall I marry me ?
Lovers are plenty ; but fail to relieve
me :
He, fond youth, that could carry me,
Offers to love, but means to deceive me.

But I will rally, and combat the ruiner :
Not a look, not a smile shall my passion discover :
She that gives all to the false one pursuing her,
Makes but a penitent, loses a lover.

[¹ This was first printed by Boswell in the *London Magazine* for June, 1774. It had been intended for the part of "Miss Hardcastle," but Mrs. Bulkley, who played that part, was no vocalist. Goldsmith himself sang it very agreeably to an Irish air, *The Humours of Balamagairy*. (See Birkbeck Hill's *Boswell*, 1887, ii. 219.)]



TRANSLATION.¹

Addison, in some beautiful Latin lines inserted in the *Spectator*, is entirely of opinion that birds observe a strict chastity of manners, and never admit the caresses of a different tribe.—(*v. Spectator*, No. 412.)



HASTE are their instincts, faithful is
their fire,
No foreign beauty tempts to false
desire;

The snow-white vesture, and the glittering crown,
The simple plumage, or the glossy down
Prompt not their love :—the patriot bird pursues
His well acquainted tints, and kindred hues.
Hence through their tribes no mix'd polluted flame,
No monster-breed to mark the groves with shame;
But the chaste blackbird, to its partner true,
Thinks black alone is beauty's favourite hue.
The nightingale, with mutual passion blest,
Sings to its mate, and nightly charms the nest :
While the dark owl to court its partner flies,
And owns its offspring in their yellow eyes.

[¹ From Goldsmith's *History of the Earth and Animated Nature*, 1774, v., 312.]



EPITAPH ON THOMAS PARNELL.¹



HIS tomb, inscrib'd to gentle Parnell's name,
 May speak our gratitude, but not his fame.
 What heart but feels his sweetly-moral lay,
 That leads to truth through pleasure's flowery way !
 Celestial themes confess'd his tuneful aid ;
 And Heaven, that lent him genius, was repaid.
 Needless to him the tribute we bestow—
 The transitory breath of fame below :
 More lasting rapture from his works shall rise,
 While converts thank their poet in the skies.

[¹ This epitaph was first printed with *The Haunch of Venison*, 1776. Parnell died in 1718. In 1770 Goldsmith wrote his life.]



THE CLOWN'S REPLY.¹

 JOHN TROTT was desired by two witty peers
To tell them the reason why asses had ears.

'An't please you,' quoth John, 'I'm not given to letters,
Nor dare I pretend to know more than my betters ;
Howe'er from this time I shall ne'er see your graces,
As I hope to be saved ! without thinking on asses.'

EPITAPH ON EDWARD PURDON.²

 ERE lies poor Ned Purdon, from misery freed,
Who long was a bookseller's hack ;
He led such a damnable life in this world,—

I don't think he'll wish to come back.

[¹ First printed at p. 79 of *Poems and Plays*. By Oliver Goldsmith, M.B. Dublin, 1777. It is there dated "Edinburgh, 1753."]

[² First printed as Goldsmith's in *Poems and Plays*, 1777, p. 79. Purdon had been at Trinity College, Dublin, with Goldsmith. Swift wrote a somewhat similar epigram ; but Goldsmith's model was probably *La Mort du Sieur Etienne*. (Forster's *Life*. 1871, ii., 59.)]

EPILOGUE FOR MR. LEE LEWES.¹



OLD ! Prompter, hold ! a word before
your nonsense ;
I'd speak a word or two, to ease my
conscience.

My pride forbids it ever should be said,
My heels eclips'd the honours of my head ;
That I found humour in a piebald vest,
Or ever thought that jumping was a jest.

(Takes off his mask.)

Whence, and what art thou, visionary birth ?
Nature disowns, and reason scorns thy mirth,
In thy black aspect every passion sleeps,
The joy that dimples, and the woe that weeps.
How hast thou fill'd the scene with all thy brood,
Of fools pursuing, and of fools pursu'd !
Whose ins and outs no ray of sense discloses,
Whose only plot it is to break our noses ;
Whilst from below the trap-door Demons rise,
And from above the dangling deities ;
And shall I mix in this unhallow'd crew ?
May rosin'd lightning blast me, if I do !
No—I will act, I'll vindicate the stage :

[¹ Charles Lee Lewes (1740-1803) was the original "Young Marlow" of *She Stoops to Conquer*. He had previously been harlequin of the theatre, but he thoroughly succeeded in his new part, and the grateful author wrote him this *Epi-logue* for his Benefit, May 7, 1773.]

Shakespeare himself shall feel my tragic rage.
Off ! off ! vile trappings ! a new passion reigns !
The madd'ning monarch revels in my veins.
Oh ! for a Richard's voice to catch the theme :
‘ Give me another horse ! bind up my wounds !—
soft—’twas but a dream.’

Ay, ’twas but a dream, for now there’s no retreating :
If I cease Harlequin, I cease from eating.
’Twas thus that Aesop’s stag, a creature blameless,
Yet something vain, like one that shall be nameless,
Once on the margin of a fountain stood,
And cavill’d at his image in the flood.

‘ The deuce confound,’ he cries, ‘ these drumstick
shanks,

They never have my gratitude nor thanks ;
They’re perfectly disgraceful ! strike me dead !
But for a head, yes, yes, I have a head.
How piercing is that eye ! how sleek that brow !
My horns ! I’m told horns are the fashion now.’
Whilst thus he spoke, astonish’d, to his view,
Near, and more near, the hounds and huntsmen
drew.

‘ Hoicks ! hark forward !’ came thund’ring from
behind,
He bounds aloft, outstrips the fleeting wind :
He quits the woods, and tries the beaten ways ;
He starts, he pants, he takes the circling maze.
At length his silly head, so priz’d before,
Is taught his former folly to deplore ;
Whilst his strong limbs conspire to set him free,
And at one bound he saves himself,—like me.

(*Taking a jump through the stage door.*)

EPILOGUE.

INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN SPOKEN FOR ‘SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.’¹

Enter MRS. BULKLEY, who curtsies very low as beginning to speak. Then enter MISS CATLEY, who stands full before her, and curtsies to the audience.

MRS. BULKLEY.



OLD, Ma’am, your pardon. What’s your business here?

MISS CATLEY.

The Epilogue.

MRS. BULKLEY.

The Epilogue?

MISS CATLEY.

Yes, the Epilogue, my dear.

MRS. BULKLEY.

Sure you mistake, Ma’am. The Epilogue, I bring it.

[¹ This Epilogue, given to Bishop Percy by Goldsmith, was first printed at p. 82, vol. ii, of the *Miscellaneous Works* of 1801. It was written with intent to conciliate the rival claims of Mrs. Bulkley and Miss Catley, the former of whom wished to speak, the latter to sing the Epilogue. (See Cradock’s *Memoirs*, 1826, i., 225.)]

MISS CATLEY.

Excuse me, Ma'am. The Author bid *me* sing it.

Recitative.

Ye beaux and belles, that form this splendid ring,
Suspend your conversation while I sing.

MRS. BULKLEY.

Why, sure the girl's beside herself: an Epilogue
of singing,
A hopeful end indeed to such a blest beginning.
Besides, a singer in a comic set!—
Excuse me, Ma'am, I know the etiquette.

MISS CATLEY.

What if we leave it to the House?

MRS. BULKLEY.

The House!—Agreed

MISS CATLEY.

Agreed.

MRS. BULKLEY.

And she, whose party's largest, shall proceed.
And first, I hope you'll readily agree
I've all the critics and the wits for me.
They, I am sure, will answer my commands;
Ye candid judging few, hold up your hands.
What! no return? I find too late, I fear,
That modern judges seldom enter here.

MISS CATLEY.

I'm for a different set.—Old men, whose trade is
Still to gallant and dangle with the ladies ;—

Recitative.

Who mump their passion, and who, grimly smiling,
Still thus address the fair with voice beguiling :—

Air—Cotillon.

Turn, my fairest, turn, if ever
Strephon caught thy ravish'd eye ;
Pity take on your swain so clever,
Who without your aid must die.

Yes, I shall die, hu, hu, hu, hu !
Yes, I must die, ho, ho, ho, ho !

(*Da capo.*)

MRS. BULKLEY.

Let all the old pay homage to your merit ;
Give me the young, the gay, the men of spirit.
Ye travell'd tribe, ye macaroni¹ train,
Of French friseurs, and nosegays, justly vain,
Who take a trip to Paris once a year
To dress, and look like awkward Frenchmen here,
Lend me your hands.—Oh ! fatal news to tell :
Their hands are only lent to the Heinel.²

[¹ A name derived from the Italian dish first patronized by the “Macaroni Club,” and afterwards extended to “the younger and gayer part of our nobility and gentry, who, at the same time that they gave in to the luxuries of eating, went equally into the extravagancies of dress.” (*Macaroni and Theatrical Magazine*, October, 1772.) See note to the *Dullissimo Macaroni* in *She Stoops to Conquer.*]

[² Mademoiselle Anna-Frederica Heinel, a beautiful Prussian danseuse at this time in London, afterwards the wife of the elder Vestris.]

MISS CATLEY.

Ay, take your travellers, travellers indeed !
 Give me my bonny Scot, that travels from the
 Tweed.
 Where are the chiels? Ah! Ah, I well discern
 The smiling looks of each bewitching bairn.

Air—A bonny young lad is my Jockey.

I'll sing to amuse you by night and by day,
 And be unco merry when you are but gay ;
 When you with your bagpipes are ready to play,
 My voice shall be ready to carol away
 With Sandy, and Sawney, and Jockey,
 With Sawney, and Jarvie, and Jockey.

MRS. BULKLEY.

Ye gamesters, who, so eager in pursuit,
 Make but of all your fortune one *va toute* :
 Ye jockey tribe, whose stock of words are few,
 'I hold the odds.—Done, done, with you, with
 you.'
 Ye barristers, so fluent with grimace,
 'My Lord,—your Lordship misconceives the case.'
 Doctors, who cough and answer every misfortuner,
 'I wish I'd been call'd in a little sooner,'
 Assist my cause with hands and voices hearty,
 Come end the contest here, and aid my party.

MISS CATLEY.

Air—Ballinamony.

Ye brave Irish lads, hark away to the crack,
 Assist me, I pray, in this woful attack ;
 For sure I don't wrong you, you seldom are slack,

When the ladies are calling, to blush, and hang back.
For you're always polite and attentive,
Still to amuse us inventive,
And death is your only preventive :
Your hands and your voices for me.

MRS. BULKLEY.

Well, Madam, what if, after all this sparring,
We both agree, like friends, to end our jarring ?

MISS CATLEY.

And that our friendship may remain unbroken,
What if we leave the Epilogue unspoken ?

MRS. BULKLEY.

Agreed.

MISS CATLEY.

Agreed.

MRS. BULKLEY.

And now with late repentance,
Un-epilogued the Poet waits his sentence.
Condemn the stubborn fool who can't submit
To thrive by flattery, though he starves by wit.

(*Exeunt.*)

EPILOGUE

INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN SPOKEN BY MRS.
BULKLEY FOR 'SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.'¹

 HERE is a place, so Ariosto sings,²
A treasury for lost and missing things ;
Lost human wits have places there as-
sign'd them,

And they, who lose their senses, there may find
them.

But where's this place, this storehouse of the age ?
The Moon, says he :—but I affirm the Stage :

At least in many things, I think, I see
His lunar, and our mimic world agree.

Both shine at night, for, but at Foote's alone,³
We scarce exhibit till the sun goes down.

Both prone to change, no settled limits fix,
And sure the folks of both are lunatics.

But in this parallel my best pretence is,
That mortals visit both to find their senses.

To this strange spot, Rakes, Macaronies, Cits,
Come thronging to collect their scatter'd wits.

[¹ This epilogue, also given to Bishop Percy by Goldsmith in MS., was first printed in the *Miscellaneous Works* of 1801, ii, 87. Colman, the Manager, thought it "too bad to be spoken," and the author accordingly wrote that printed with *She Stoops to Conquer* in vol. ii. (See Cradock's *Memoirs*, 1826, i, 225.)]

[² *Orlando Furioso*, Canto xxxiv.]

[³ Foote gave matinées at the Haymarket.]

The gay coquette, who ogles all the day,
Comes here at night, and goes a prude away.
Hither the affected city dame advancing,
Who sighs for operas, and dotes on dancing,
Taught by our art her ridicule to pause on,
Quits the *Ballet*, and calls for *Nancy Dawson*.¹
The Gamester too, whose wit's all high or low,
Oft risks his fortune on one desperate throw,
Comes here to saunter, having made his bets,
Finds his lost senses out, and pay his debts.
The Mohawk too, with angry phrases stored,
As 'Dam'me, Sir,' and 'Sir, I wear a sword ;'
Here lesson'd for a while, and hence retreating,
Goes out, affronts his man, and takes a beating.
Here come the sons of scandal and of news,
But find no sense—for they had none to lose.
Of all the tribe here wanting an adviser
Our Author's the least likely to grow wiser ;
Has he not seen how you your favour place,
On sentimental Queens and Lords in lace ?
Without a star, a coronet or garter,
How can the piece expect or hope for quarter ?
No high-life scenes, no sentiment :—the creature
Still stoops among the low to copy nature.²
Yes, he's far gone :—and yet some pity fix,
The English laws forbid to punish lunatics.

[¹ A popular song bearing the name of a famous hornpipe dancer and "toast" who died at Hampstead in 1767.]

[² An obvious reference to the title of the play.]

THE CAPTIVITY: AN ORATORIO.¹

[THE PERSONS.

<i>First Jewish Prophet.</i>	<i>First Chaldean Priest.</i>
<i>Second Jewish Prophet.</i>	<i>Second Chaldean Priest.</i>
<i>Israelliish Woman.</i>	<i>Chaldean Woman.</i>
<i>Chorus of Youths and Virgins.</i>	

SCENE.—*The banks of the River Euphrates, near Babylon.]*

ACT I.

SCENE.—*Israelites sitting on the banks of the Euphrates.*

FIRST PROPHET.

RECITATIVE.



E captive tribes, that hourly work and weep
Where flows Euphrates murmuring to the deep,
Suspend awhile the task, the tear suspend,
And turn to God, your Father and your Friend.
Insulted, chain'd, and all the world a foe,
Our God alone is all we boast below.

[¹ *The Captivity* was set to music, but never performed. It was first printed in the *Miscellaneous Works* (trade edition), 1820. In 1837, Prior printed it again from another MS. (*Miscellaneous Works*, 1837). It is here given mainly as reproduced by Mr. Bolton Corney from the second version, Author's MS. Two of the songs, with variations, were published with *The Haunch of Venison*, 1776.]

CHORUS OF ISRAELITES.

Our God is all we boast below,
 To Him we turn our eyes ;
 And every added weight of woe
 Shall make our homage rise.

And though no temple richly drest,
 Nor sacrifice is here ;
 We'll make His temple in our breast,
 And offer up a tear.

SECOND PROPHET.

RECITATIVE.

That strain once more ; it bids remembrance rise,
 And calls my long-lost country to mine eyes.
 Ye fields of Sharon, drest in flowery pride,
 Ye plains where Jordan rolls its glassy tide,
 Ye hills of Lebanon, with cedars crown'd,
 Ye Gilead groves, that fling perfumes around,
 These hills how sweet, those plains how wondrous
 fair,
 But sweeter still when Heaven was with us there !

AIR.

O Memory ! thou fond deceiver,
 Still importunate and vain ;
 To former joys recurring ever,
 And turning all the past to pain :

Hence, deceiver most distressing !
 Seek the happy and the free :
 The wretch who wants each other blessing,
 Ever wants a friend in thee,

FIRST PROPHET.

RECITATIVE.

Yet why repine? What though by bonds confin'd,
Should bonds enslave the vigour of the mind?
Have we not cause for triumph when we see
Ourselves alone from idol-worship free?
Are not this very day those rites begun
Where prostrate folly hails the rising sun?
Do not our tyrant lords this day ordain
For superstitious rites and mirth profane?
And should we mourn? should coward virtue fly,
When impious folly rears her front on high?
No; rather let us triumph still the more,
And as our fortune sinks, our wishes soar.

AIR.

The triumphs that on vice attend
Shall ever in confusion end;
The good man suffers but to gain,
And every virtue springs from pain:

As aromatic plants bestow
No spicy fragrance while they grow;
But crush'd, or trodden to the ground,
Diffuse their balmy sweets around.

SECOND PROPHET.

RECITATIVE.

But hush, my sons, our tyrant lords are near,
The sound of barbarous mirth offends mine ear;
Triumphant music floats along the vale,
Near, nearer still, it gathers on the gale;

The growing note their near approach declares !
Desist, my sons, nor mix the strain with theirs.

Enter Chaldean Priests attended.

FIRST PRIEST.

AIR.

Come on, my companions, the triumph display,
Let rapture the minutes employ ;
The sun calls us out on this festival day,
And our monarch partakes of our joy.

Like the sun, our great monarch all pleasure supplies,
Both similar blessings bestow ;
The sun with his splendour illuminates the skies,
And our monarch enlivens below.

AIR.

CHALDEAN WOMAN.

Haste, ye sprightly sons of pleasure,
Love presents its brightest treasure,
Leave all other sports for me.

A CHALDEAN ATTENDANT.

Or rather, love's delights despising,
Haste to raptures ever rising,
Wine shall bless the brave and free.

SECOND PRIEST.

Wine and beauty thus inviting,
Each to different joys exciting,
Whither shall my choice incline ?

FIRST PRIEST.

I'll waste no longer thought in choosing,
But, neither love nor wine refusing,
I'll make them both together mine.

RECITATIVE.

But whence, when joys should brighten o'er the
land,
This sullen gloom in Judah's captive band ?
Ye sons of Judah, why the lute unstrung ?
Or why those harps on yonder willows hung ?
Come, leave your griefs, and join our tuneful choir,
For who like you can wake the sleeping lyre ?

SECOND PROPHET.

Bow'd down with chains, the scorn of all mankind,
To want, to toil, and every ill consign'd,
Is this a time to bid us raise the strain,
And mix in rites that Heaven regards with pain ?
No, never. May this hand forget each art
That speeds the powers of music to the heart,
Ere I forget the land that gave me birth,
Or join with sounds profane its sacred mirth !

FIRST PRIEST.

Insulting slaves ! if gentler methods fail,
The whip and angry tortures shall prevail.

[*Exeunt Chaldeans.*

FIRST PROPHET.

Why, let them come, one good remains to cheer—
We fear the Lord, and know no other fear.

CHORUS.

Can whips or tortures hurt the mind
On God's supporting breast reclin'd?
Stand fast, and let our tyrants see
That fortitude is victory.

End of the First Act.



ACT II.

SCENE.—*As before.*

CHORUS OF ISRAELITES.

 PEACE of mind, thou lovely guest !
 Thou softest soother of the breast !
 Dispense thy balmy store !
 Wing all our thoughts to reach the skies,
 Till earth, diminish'd to our eyes,
 Shall vanish as we soar.

FIRST PRIEST.

RECITATIVE.

No more ! Too long has justice been delay'd,
 The king's commands must fully be obey'd ;
 Compliance with his will your peace secures,
 Praise but our gods, and every good is yours.
 But if, rebellious to his high command,
 You spurn the favours offer'd at his hand,
 Think, timely think, what ills remain behind ;
 Reflect, nor tempt to rage the royal mind.

SECOND PRIEST.

AIR.

Fierce is the whirlwind howling
 O'er Afric's sandy plain,
 And fierce the tempest rolling
 Along the furrow'd main.

But storms that fly,
 To rend the sky,
 Every ill presaging,
 Less dreadful show
 To worlds below,
 Than angry monarch's raging.

ISRAELITISH WOMAN.

RECITATIVE.

Ah me ! what angry terrors round us grow,
 How shrinks my soul to meet the threaten'd blow !
 Ye prophets, skill'd in Heaven's eternal truth,
 Forgive my sex's fears, forgive my youth !
 If shrinking thus, when frowning power appears
 I wish for life, and yield me to my fears :
 Let us one hour, one little hour obey ;
 To-morrow's tears may wash our stains away.

AIR.

To the last moment of his breath
 On hope the wretch relies ;
 And e'en the pang preceding death
 Bids expectation rise.

Hope, like the gleaming taper's light,
 Adorns and cheers our way ;
 And still, as darker grows the night,
 Emits a brighter ray.

SECOND PRIEST.

RECITATIVE.

Why this delay ? at length for joy prepare.

I read your looks, and see compliance there.
Come, raise the strain, and grasp the full-ton'd
lyre—
The time, the theme, the place, and all conspire.

CHALDEAN WOMAN.

AIR.

See the ruddy morning smiling,
Hear the grove to bliss beguiling ;
Zephyrs through the valley playing,
Streams along the meadow straying.

FIRST PRIEST.

While these a constant revel keep,
Shall reason only bid me weep ?
Hence, intruder ! we'll pursue
Nature, a better guide than you.

SECOND PRIEST.

Every moment, as it flows,
Some peculiar pleasure owes ;
Then let us providently wise,
Seize the debtor as it flies.

Think not to-morrow can repay
The pleasures that we lose to-day ;
To-morrow's most unbounded store
Can but pay its proper score.

FIRST PRIEST.

RECITATIVE.

But hush ! see, foremost of the captive choir,
The master-prophet grasps his full-toned lyre.

Mark where he sits with executing art,
 Feels for each tone and speeds it to the heart ;
 See inspiration fills his rising form,
 Awful as clouds that nurse the growing storm.
 And now his voice, accordant to the string,
 Prepares our monarch's victories to sing.

FIRST PROPHET.

AIR.

From north, from south, from east, from west,
 Conspiring foes shall come ;
 Tremble, thou vice-polluted breast ;
 Blasphemers, all be dumb.

The tempest gathers all around,
 On Babylon it lies ;
 Down with her ! down, down to the ground ;
 She sinks, she groans, she dies.

SECOND PROPHET.

Down with her, Lord, to lick the dust,
 Ere yonder setting sun ;
 Serve her as she hath serv'd the just !
 'Tis fix'd—It shall be done.

FIRST PRIEST.

RECITATIVE.

Enough ! when slaves thus insolent presume,
 The king himself shall judge, and fix their doom.
 Short-sighted wretches ! have not you, and all,
 Beheld our power in Zedekiah's fall ?
 To yonder gloomy dungeon turn your eyes ;
 Mark where dethron'd your captive monarch lies,

Depriv'd of sight, and rankling in his chain ;
He calls on death to terminate his pain.
Yet know, ye slaves, that still remain behind
More ponderous chains, and dungeons more con-
fined.

CHORUS.

Arise, All-potent Ruler, rise,
And vindicate thy people's cause ;
Till every tongue in every land
Shall offer up unfeign'd applause.

End of the Second Act.



ACT III.

SCENE.—*As before.*

FIRST PRIEST.

RECITATIVE.



ES, my companions, Heaven's decrees
are past,
And our fix'd empire shall for ever last :
In vain the madd'ning prophet threatens
woe,
In vain rebellion aims her secret blow ;
Still shall our fame and growing power be spread,
And still our vengeance crush the guilty head.

AIR.

Coeval with man
Our empire began,
And never shall fall
Till ruin shakes all.
With the ruin of all,
Shall Babylon fall.

SECOND [FIRST] PROPHET.

RECITATIVE.

'Tis thus that pride triumphant rears the head,
A little while, and all their power is fled.
But ha ! what means yon sadly plaintive train,
That this way slowly bends along the plain ?
And now, methinks, a pallid corse they bear
To yonder bank, and rest the body there.

Alas ! too well mine eyes observant trace
 The last remains of Judah's royal race.
 Our monarch falls, and now our fears are o'er,
 The wretched Zedekiah is no more.

AIR.

Ye wretches who by fortune's hate
 In want and sorrow groan,
 Come ponder his severer fate
 And learn to bless your own.

Ye sons, from fortune's lap supplied,
 Awhile the bliss suspend ;
 Like yours, his life began in pride,
 Like his, your lives may end.

SECOND PROPHET.

RECITATIVE.

Behold his squalid corse with sorrow worn,
 His wretched limbs with ponderous fetters torn ;
 Those eyeless orbs that shock with ghastly glare,
 These ill-becoming robes, and matted hair !
 And shall not Heaven for this its terrors show,
 And deal its angry vengeance on the foe ?
 How long, how long, Almighty Lord of all,
 Shall wrath vindictive threaten ere it fall !

ISRAELITISH WOMAN.

AIR.

As panting flies the hunted hind,
 Where brooks refreshing stray ;

L

And rivers through the valley wind,
That stop the hunter's way ;

Thus we, O Lord, alike distress'd,
For streams of mercy long ;
Those streams that cheer the sore oppress'd,
And overwhelm the strong.

FIRST PROPHET.

RECITATIVE.

But whence that shout? Good heavens! amazement all!

See yonder tower just nodding to the fall :
See where an army covers all the ground,
Saps the strong wall and pours destruction round ;—
The ruin smokes, destruction pours along—
How low the great, how feeble are the strong !
The foe prevails, the lofty walls recline—
Oh, God of hosts, the victory is Thine !

CHORUS OF ISRAELITES.

Down with her, Lord, to lick the dust ;
Let vengeance be begun ;
Serve her as she hath serv'd the just,
And let Thy Will be done.

FIRST PRIEST.

RECITATIVE.

All, all is lost. The Syrian army fails,
Cyrus, the conqueror of the world, prevails !
Save us, O Lord ! to Thee, though late, we pray ;
And give repentance but an hour's delay.

SECOND PRIEST.

AIR.

Thrice happy, who in happy hour
To Heaven their praise bestow,
And own His all-consuming power
Before they feel the blow !

FIRST PROPHET.

RECITATIVE.

Now, now's our time ! ye wretches bold and
blind,
Brave but to God, and cowards to mankind,
Too late you seek that power unsought before,
Your wealth, your pride, your empire, are no more.

AIR.

O Lucifer ! thou son of morn,
Alike of Heaven and man the foe ;
Heaven, men, and all,
Now press thy fall,
And sink thee lowest of the low.

SECOND PRIEST [PROPHET ?]

O Babylon, how art thou fallen—
Thy fall more dreadful from delay ;
Thy streets forlorn
To wilds shall turn,
Where toads shall pant, and vultures prey !

FIRST PROPHET.

RECITATIVE.

Such be their fate. But listen ! from afar

The clarion's note proclaims the finish'd war !
Cyrus, our great restorer, is at hand,
And this way leads his formidable band.
Now give your songs of Zion to the wind,
And hail the benefactor of mankind :
He comes pursuant to divine decree,
To chain the strong, and set the captive free.

CHORUS OF YOUTHS.

Rise to raptures past expressing,
Sweeter from remember'd woes ;
Cyrus comes, our wrongs redressing,
Comes to give the world repose.

CHORUS OF VIRGINS.

Cyrus comes, the world redressing,
Love and pleasure in his train ;
Comes to heighten every blessing,
Comes to soften every pain.

CHORUS OF YOUTHS AND VIRGINS.

Hail to him with mercy reigning,
Skill'd in every peaceful art ;
Who, from bonds our limbs unchaining,
Only binds the willing heart.

LAST CHORUS.

But chief to Thee, our God, our Father, Friend,
Let praise be given to all eternity ;
O Thou, without beginning, without end—
Let us, and all, begin and end in Thee !

VERSES IN REPLY TO AN INVITATION
TO DINNER AT DR. BAKER'S.¹

'This *is* a poem ! This *is* a copy of verses !



OUR mandate I got,
You may all go to pot ;
Had your senses been right,
You'd have sent before night ;

As I hope to be saved,
I put off being shaved ;
For I could not make bold,
While the matter was cold,
To meddle in suds,
Or to put on my duds ;
So tell Horneck² and Nesbitt,³
And Baker⁴ and his bit,
And Kauffman⁵ beside,
And the Jessamy Bride,⁶

[¹ Prior first printed this in the *Miscellaneous Works* of 1837, iv, 132, having obtained it from Major-General Sir H. E. Bunbury, Bart., son of H. W. Bunbury, the artist. (See note 1 to p. 152.)]

[² Mrs. Horneck, widow of Captain Kane Horneck.]

[³ Mr. Thrale's brother-in-law.]

[⁴ Dr. (afterwards Sir) George Baker, Reynolds's doctor.]

[⁵ Angelica Kauffmann, the artist, 1740-1807.]

[⁶ Mrs. Horneck's younger daughter, Mary.]

With the rest of the crew,
The Reynoldses two,¹
Little Comedy's face,²
And the Captain in lace,³
(By-the-bye you may tell him,
I have something to sell him ;
Of use I insist,
When he comes to enlist.
Your worships must know
That a few days ago,
An order went out,
For the foot-guards so stout
To wear tails in high taste,
Twelve inches at least :
Now I've got him a scale
To measure each tail,
To lengthen a short tail,
And a long one to curtail.)—

Yet how can I when vext,
Thus stray from my text ?
Tell each other to rue
Your Devonshire crew,
For sending so late
To one of my state.
But 'tis Reynolds's way
From wisdom to stray,
And Angelica's whim
To be frolick like him,

[¹ Sir Joshua and his sister.]

[² Mrs. Horneck's elder daughter, Catherine. (See notes p. 152.)]

[³ Captain Charles Horneck, Mrs. Horneck's son.]

But alas ! your good worships, how could they be
wiser,
When both have been spoil'd in to-day's *Advertiser?*¹

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

[¹ An allusion to some complimentary verses which appeared in that paper.]



LETTER IN PROSE AND VERSE
TO MRS. BUNBURY.¹

MADAM,



READ your letter with all that allowance which critical candour could require, but after all find so much to object to, and so much to raise my indignation, that I cannot help giving it a serious answer.

I am not so ignorant, Madam, as not to see there are many sarcasms contained in it, and solecisms also. (Solecism is a word that comes from the town of Soleis in Attica, among the Greeks, built by Solon, and applied as we use the word Kidderminster for curtains from a town also of that name ;—but this is learning you have no taste for !)—I say, Madam, there are sarcasms in it, and solecisms also. But, not to seem an ill-natured critic, I'll take leave to quote your own words, and give you my remarks upon them as they occur. You begin as follows :—

‘I hope, my good Doctor, you soon will be here,
And your spring-velvet coat very smart will appear,
To open our ball the first day of the year.’²

[¹ This letter, “probably written in 1773 or 1774,” was first printed by Prior in the *Miscellaneous Works*, 1837, iv. 148. It was addressed to the “Little Comedy” of p. 150, by this time married to H. W. Bunbury, the artist.]

[² Mrs. Bunbury had apparently invited the poet (in rhyme) to spend Christmas at the family seat of Great Barton in Suffolk.]

Pray, Madam, where did you ever find the epithet ‘good,’ applied to the title of Doctor? Had you called me ‘learned Doctor,’ or ‘grave Doctor,’ or ‘noble Doctor,’ it might be allowable, because they belong to the profession. But, not to cavil at trifles, you talk of my ‘spring-velvet coat,’ and advise me to wear it the first day in the year,—that is, in the middle of winter!—a spring-velvet in the middle of winter!!! That would be a solecism indeed! and yet, to increase the inconsistency, in another part of your letter you call me a beau. Now, on one side or other, you must be wrong. If I am a beau, I can never think of wearing a spring-velvet in winter: and if I am not a beau, why then, that explains itself. But let me go on to your two next strange lines:—

‘And bring with you a wig, that is modish and gay,
To dance with the girls that are makers of hay.’

The absurdity of making hay at Christmas you yourself seem sensible of: you say your sister will laugh; and so indeed she well may! The Latins have an expression for a contemptuous sort of laughter, ‘Naso contemnere adunco’; that is, to laugh with a crooked nose. She may laugh at you in the manner of the ancients if she thinks fit. But now I come to the most extraordinary of all extraordinary propositions, which is, to take your and your sister’s advice in playing at loo. The presumption of the offer raises my indignation beyond the bounds of prose; it inspires me at once with verse and resentment. I take advice! and from whom? You shall hear.

First let me suppose, what may shortly be true,
 The company set, and the word to be, Loo ;
 All smirking, and pleasant, and big with adventure,
 And ogling the stake which is fix'd in the centre.
 Round and round go the cards, while I inwardly
 damn

At never once finding a visit from Pam.
 I lay down my stake, apparently cool,
 While the harpies about me all pocket the pool.
 I fret in my gizzard, yet, cautious and sly,
 I wish all my friends may be bolder than I :
 Yet still they sit snug, not a creature will aim
 By losing their money to venture at fame.
 'Tis in vain that at niggardly caution I scold,
 'Tis in vain that I flatter the brave and the bold :
 All play their own way, and they think me an ass,—
 'What does Mrs. Bunbury?' 'I, Sir? I pass.'
 'Pray what does Miss Horneck?¹ take courage,
 come do,'—

'Who, I? let me see, Sir, why I must pass too.'
 Mr. Bunbury frets, and I fret like the devil,
 To see them so cowardly, lucky, and civil.
 Yet still I sit snug, and continue to sigh on,
 Till made by my losses as bold as a lion,
 I venture at all,—while my avarice regards
 The whole pool as my own—'Come, give me five
 cards.'

'Well done!' cry the ladies; 'Ah, Doctor, that's
 good!'

The pool's very rich—ah! the Doctor is loo'd!'

[¹ Mary Horneck, *see* p. 149 and note. She ultimately married Colonel Gwyn, and survived until 1840. Reynolds and Hoppner both painted her.]

Thus foil'd in my courage, on all sides perplex'd,
I ask for advice from the lady that's next :
'Pray, Ma'am, be so good as to give your advice ;
Don't you think the best way is to venture for't
twice ?'

'I advise,' cries the lady, 'to try it, I own.—
Ah ! the Doctor is loo'd ! Come, Doctor, put
down.'

Thus, playing, and playing, I still grow more
eager,
And so bold, and so bold, I'm at last a bold
beggar.

Now, ladies, I ask, if law-matters you're skill'd in,
Whether crimes such as yours should not come
before Fielding ?¹

For giving advice that is not worth a straw,
May well be call'd picking of pockets in law ;
And picking of pockets, with which I now charge
ye,

Is, by quinto Elizabeth, Death without Clergy.
What justice, when both to the Old Bailey brought !
By the gods, I'll enjoy it ; though 'tis but in
thought !

Both are plac'd at the bar, with all proper de-
corum,
With bunches of fennel, and nosegays before 'em ;²
Both cover their faces with mobs and all that ;
But the judge bids them, angrily, take off their
hat.

When uncover'd, a buzz of enquiry runs round,—

[¹ Sir John Fielding, d. 1780, Henry Fielding's blind half-brother and successor at Bow Street.]

[² A practice dating from the gaol-fever of 1750.]

‘Pray what are their crimes?’—‘They’ve been pilfering found.’
‘But, pray, whom have they pilfer’d?’—‘A Doctor, I hear.’
‘What, yon solemn-faced, odd-looking man that stands near?’
‘The same.’—‘What a pity! how does it surprise one?
Two handsomer culprits I never set eyes on!’
Then their friends all come round me with cringing and leering,
To melt me to pity, and soften my swearing.
First Sir Charles¹ advances with phrases well strung,
‘Consider, dear Doctor, the girls are but young.’
‘The younger the worse,’ I return him again,
‘It shows that their habits are all dyed in grain.’
‘But then they’re so handsome, one’s bosom it grieves.’
‘What signifies *handsome*, when people are thieves?’
‘But where is your justice? their cases are hard.’
‘What signifies *justice*? I want the *reward*.

There’s the parish of Edmonton offers forty pounds; there’s the parish of St. Leonard, Shoreditch, offers forty pounds; there’s the parish of Tyburn, from the Hog-in-the-Pound to St. Giles’s watchhouse, offers forty pounds,—I shall have all that if I convict them!—

[¹ Sir Charles Bunbury, Henry Bunbury’s elder brother, died s.p. 1821.]

'But consider their case,—it may yet be your own !

And see how they kneel ! Is your heart made of stone ?'

This moves :—so at last I agree to relent,
For ten pounds in hand, and ten pounds to be spent.

I challenge you all to answer this : I tell you, you cannot. It cuts deep ;—but now for the rest of the letter : and next—but I want room—so I believe I shall battle the rest out at Barton some day next week.

I don't value you all !

O. G.



VIDA'S GAME OF CHESS.

TRANSLATED.¹

RMIES of box that sportively engage
And mimic real battles in their rage,
Pleas'd I recount ; how, smit with
glory's charms,

Two mighty Monarchs met in adverse arms,
Sable and white ; assist me to explore,
Ye Serian Nymphs, what ne'er was sung before.
No path appears : yet resolute I stray
Where youth undaunted bids me force my way.
O'er rocks and cliffs while I the task pursue,
Guide me, ye Nymphs, with your unerring clue.
For you the rise of this diversion know,
You first were pleas'd in Italy to show
This studious sport ; from Scacchis was its name,
The pleasing record of your Sister's fame.

When Jove through Ethiopia's parch'd extent
To grace the nuptials of old Ocean went,
Each god was there ; and mirth and joy around
To shores remote diffus'd their happy sound.
Then when their hunger and their thirst no more
Claim'd their attention, and the feast was o'er ;

[¹ This translation of Marco Vida's *Scacchiar Ludus* was first printed by Mr. Peter Cunningham in 1854, from a manuscript in Goldsmith's hand-writing then in the possession of Mr. Bolton Corney, who, with Mr. Forster, believed it to be by Goldsmith.]

Ocean, with pastime to divert the thought,
Commands a painted table to be brought.
Sixty-four spaces fill the chequer'd square ;
Eight in each rank eight equal limits share.
Alike their form, but different are their dyes,
They fade alternate, and alternate rise,
White after black ; such various stains as those
The shelving backs of tortoises disclose.
Then to the Gods that mute and wondering sate,
You see (says he) the field prepared for fate.
Here will the little armies please your sight,
With adverse colours hurrying to the fight :
On which so oft, with silent sweet surprise,
The Nymphs and Nereids used to feast their eyes,
And all the neighbours of the hoary deep,
When calm the sea, and winds were lull'd asleep.
But see, the mimic heroes tread the board ;
He said, and straightway from an urn he pour'd
The sculptur'd box, that neatly seem'd to ape
The graceful figure of a human shape :—
Equal the strength and number of each foe,
Sixteen appear'd like jet, sixteen like snow.
As their shape varies various is the name,
Different their posts, nor is their strength the
same.

There might you see two Kings with equal pride
Gird on their arms, their Consorts by their side ;
Here the Foot-warriors glowing after fame,
There prancing Knights and dexterous Archers
came

And Elephants, that on their backs sustain
Vast towers of war, and fill and shake the plain.
And now both hosts, preparing for the storm

Of adverse battle, their encampments form.
In the fourth space, and on the farthest line,
Directly opposite the Monarchs shine ;
The swarthy on white ground, on sable stands
The silver King ; and thence they send commands.
Nearest to these the Queens exert their might ;
One the left side, and t'other guards the right :
Where each, by her respective armour known,
Chooses the colour that is like her own.

Then the young Archers, two that snowy-white
Bend the tough yew, and two as black as night ;
(Greece called them Mars's favourites heretofore,
From their delight in war, and thirst of gore).
These on each side the Monarch and his Queen
Surround obedient ; next to these are seen
The crested Knights in golden armour gay ;
Their steeds by turns curvet, or snort or neigh.
In either army on each distant wing
Two mighty Elephants their castles bring,
Bulwarks immense ! and then at last combine
Eight of the Foot to form the second line,
The vanguard to the King and Queen ; from far
Prepared to open all the fate of war.
So moved the boxen hosts, each double-lined,
Their different colours floating in the wind :
As if an army of the Gauls should go,
With their white standards, o'er the Alpine snow
To meet in rigid fight on scorching sands
The sun-burnt Moors and Memnon's swarthy bands.

Then Father Ocean thus ; you see them here,
Celestial Powers, what troops, what camps appear.
Learn now the sev'ral orders of the fray,
For ev'n these arms their stated laws obey.

To lead the fight, the Kings from all their bands
Choose whom they please to bear their great com-
mands.

Should a black hero first to battle go,
Instant a white one guards against the blow ; }
But only one at once can charge or shun the foe.
Their gen'ral purpose on one scheme is bent,
So to besiege the King within the tent,
That there remains no place by subtle flight
From danger free ; and that decides the fight.
Meanwhile, howe'er, the sooner to destroy
Th' imperial Prince, remorseless they employ
Their swords in blood ; and whosoever dare
Oppose their vengeance, in the ruin share.
Fate thins their camp ; the parti-colour'd field
Widens apace, as they o'ercome or yield,
But the proud victor takes the captive's post ;
There fronts the fury of th' avenging host
One single shock : and (should he ward the blow),
May then retire at pleasure from the foe.
The Foot alone (so their harsh laws ordain)
When they proceed can ne'er return again.

But neither all rush on alike to prove
The terror of their arms : the Foot must move
Directly on, and but a single square ;
Yet may these heroes, when they first prepare
To mix in combat on the bloody mead,
Double their sally, and two steps proceed ;
But when they wound, their swords they subtly
guide
With aim oblique, and slanting pierce his side.
But the great Indian beasts, whose backs sustain
Vast turrets arm'd, when on the redd'ning plain

They join in all the terror of the fight,
Forward or backward, to the left or right,
Run furious, and impatient of confine
Scour through the field, and threat the farthest
line.

Yet must they ne'er obliquely aim their blows ; }
That only manner is allow'd to those }
Whom Mars has favour'd most, who bend the }
stubborn bows.

These glancing sideways in a straight career,
Yet each confin'd to their respective sphere,
Or white or black, can send th' unerring dart
Wing'd with swift death to pierce through ev'ry
part.

The fiery steed, regardless of the reins,
Comes prancing on ; but sullenly disdains
The path direct, and boldly wheeling round,
Leaps o'er a double space at ev'ry bound : }
And shifts from white or black to diff'rent }
colour'd ground.

But the fierce Queen, whom dangers ne'er dismay,
The strength and terror of the bloody day,
In a straight line spreads her destruction wide,
To left or right, before, behind, aside.

Yet may she never with a circling course
Sweep to the battle like the fretful Horse ;
But unconfin'd may at her pleasure stray,
If neither friend nor foe block up the way ;
For to o'erleap a warrior, 'tis decreed.
Those only dare who curb the snorting steed.
With greater caution and majestic state
The warlike Monarchs in the scene of fate
Direct their motions, since for thcse appear

Zealous each hope, and anxious ev'ry fear.

While the King's safe, with resolution stern
They clasp their arms ; but should a sudden turn
Make him a captive, instantly they yield,
Resolv'd to share his fortune in the field.

He moves on slow ; with reverence profound
His faithful troops encompass him around,
And oft, to break some instant fatal scheme,
Rush to their fates, their sov'reign to redeem ;
While he, unanxious where to wound the foe,
Need only shift and guard against a blow.

But none, however, can presume t' appear
Within his reach, but must his vengeance fear ;
For he on ev'ry side his terror throws ;
But when he changes from his first repose,
Moves but one step, most awfully sedate,
Or idly roving, or intent on fate.

These are the sev'ral and establish'd laws :
Now see how each maintains his bloody cause.

Here paused the God, but (since whene'er they
wage

War here on earth the Gods themselves engage
In mutual battle as they hate or love,
And the most stubborn war is oft above)

Almighty Jove commands the circling train
Of Gods from fav'ring either to abstain,
And let the fight be silently survey'd ;
And added solemn threats if disobey'd.

Then call'd he Phœbus from among the Powers
And subtle Hermes, whom in softer hours
Fair Maia bore : youth wanton'd in their face ;
Both in life's bloom, both shone with equal grace.
Hermes as yet had never wing'd his feet ;

As yet Apollo in his radiant seat
Had never driv'n his chariot through the air,
Known by his bow alone and golden hair.
These Jove commission'd to attempt the fray,
And rule the sportive military day ;
Bid them agree which party each maintains,
And promis'd a reward that's worth their pains.
The greater took their seats ; on either hand
Respectful the less Gods in order stand,
But careful not to interrupt their play,
By hinting when t' advance or run away.

Then they examine, who shall first proceed
To try their courage, and their army lead.
Chance gave it for the White, that he should go
First with a brave defiance to the foe.
Awhile he ponder'd which of all his train
Should bear his first commission o'er the plain ;
And then determin'd to begin the scene
With him that stood before to guard the Queen.
He took a double step : with instant care
Does the black Monarch in his turn prepare
The adverse champion, and with stern command
Bid him repel the charge with equal hand.
There front to front, the midst of all the field,
With furious threats their shining arms they wield ;
Yet vain the conflict, neither can prevail
While in one path each other they assail.
On ev'ry side to their assistance fly
Their fellow soldiers, and with strong supply
 Crowd to the battle, but no bloody stain
Tinctures their armour ; sportive in the plain
Mars plays awhile, and in excursion slight
Harmless they sally forth, or wait the fight.

But now the swarthy Foot, that first appear'd
To front the foe, his pond'rous jav'lin rear'd
Leftward aslant, and a pale warrior slays,
Spurns him aside, and boldly takes his place.
Unhappy youth, his danger not to spy !
Instant he fell, and triumph'd but to die.
At this the sable King with prudent care
Remov'd his station from the middle square,
And slow retiring to the farthest ground,
There safely lurk'd, with troops entrench'd around.
Then from each quarter to the war advance
The furious Knights, and poise the trembling lance :
By turns they rush, by turns the victors yield,
Heaps of dead Foot choke up the crimson'd field :
They fall unable to retreat ; around
The clang of arms and iron hoofs resound.

But while young Phœbus pleas'd himself to view
His furious Knight destroy the vulgar crew,
Sly Hermes long'd t' attempt with secret aim
Some noble act of more exalted fame.
For this, he inoffensive pass'd along
Through ranks of Foot, and midst the trembling
throng

Sent his left Horse, that free without confine
Rov'd o'er the plain, upon some great design
Against the King himself. At length he stood,
And having fix'd his station as he would,
Threaten'd at once with instant fate the King
And th' Indian beast that guarded the right wing.
Apollo sigh'd, and hast'ning to relieve
The straiten'd Monarch, griev'd that he must leave
His martial Elephant exposed to fate,
And view'd with pitying eyes his dang'rous state.

First in his thoughts however was his care
To save his King, whom to the neighbouring square
On the right hand, he snatch'd with trembling
flight ;

At this with fury springs the sable Knight,
Drew his keen sword, and rising to the blow,
Sent the great Indian brute to shades below.
O fatal loss ! for none except the Queen
Spreads such a terror through the bloody scene.
Yet shall you ne'er unpunish'd boast your prize,
The Delian God with stern resentment cries ;
And wedg'd him round with foot, and pour'd in
fresh supplies. }
Thus close besieg'd trembling he cast his eye
Around the plain, but saw no shelter nigh,
No way for flight ; for here the Queen oppos'd,
The Foot in phalanx there the passage clos'd :
At length he fell ; yet not unpleas'd with fate,
Since victim to a Queen's vindictive hate.
With grief and fury burns the whiten'd host,
One of their Tow'rs thus immaturely lost.
As when a bull has in contention stern
Lost his right horn, with double vengeance burn
His thoughts for war, with blood he's cover'd o'er,
And the woods echo to his dismal roar,
So look'd the flaxen host, when angry fate
O'erturnd the Indian bulwark of their state.
Fir'd at this great success, with double rage
Apollo hurries on his troops t' engage,
For blood and havoc wild ; and, while he leads
His troops thus careless, loses both his steeds :
For if some adverse warriors were o'erthrown,
He little thought what dangers threat his own.

But slyer Hermes with observant eyes
March'd slowly cautious, and at distance spies
What moves must next succeed, what dangers
next arise.

Often would he, the stately Queen to snare,
The slender Foot to front her arms prepare,
And to conceal his scheme he sighs and feigns
Such a wrong step would frustrate all his pains.
Just then an Archer, from the right-hand view,
At the pale Queen his arrow boldly drew,
Unseen by Phœbus, who, with studious thought,
From the left side a vulgar hero brought.

But tender Venus, with a pitying eye,
Viewing the sad destruction that was nigh,
Wink'd upon Phœbus (for the Goddess sat
By chance directly opposite); at that
Rous'd in an instant, young Apollo threw
His eyes around the field his troops to view;
Perceiv'd the danger, and with sudden fright
Withdrew the Foot that he had sent to fight,
And sav'd his trembling Queen by seasonable
flight.

But Maia's son with shouts fill'd all the coast:
The Queen, he cried, the important Queen is lost.
Phœbus, howe'er, resolving to maintain
What he had done, bespoke the heavenly train.

What mighty harm, in sportive mimic fight,
Is it to set a little blunder right,
When no preliminary rule debarr'd?
If you henceforward, Mercury, would guard
Against such practice, let us make the law:
And whosoe'er shall first to battle draw,
Or white, or black, remorseless let him go

At all events, and dare the angry foe.

He said, and this opinion pleas'd around :
Jove turn'd aside, and on his daughter frown'd,
Unmark'd by Hermes, who, with strange surprise,
Fretted and foam'd, and roll'd his ferret eyes,
And but with great reluctance could refrain
From dashing at a blow all off the plain.
Then he resolv'd to interweave deceits,—
To carry on the war by tricks and cheats.
Instant he call'd an Archer from the throng,
And bid him like the courser wheel along :
Bounding he springs, and threats the pallid Queen.
The fraud, however, was by Phœbus seen ;
He smil'd, and, turning to the Gods, he said :
Though, Hermes, you are perfect in your trade,
And you can trick and cheat to great surprise,
These little sleights no more shall blind my eyes ;
Correct them if you please, the more you thus
 disguise. } }

The circle laugh'd aloud ; and Maia's son
(As if it had but by mistake been done)
Recall'd his Archer, and with motion due,
Bid him advance, the combat to renew.
But Phœbus watch'd him with a jealous eye,
Fearing some trick was ever lurking nigh,
For he would oft, with sudden sly design,
Send forth at once two combatants to join
His warring troops, against the law of arms,
Unless the wary foe was ever in alarms.

Now the white Archer with his utmost force
Bent the tough bow against the sable Horse,
And drove him from the Queen, where he had
 stood

Hoping to glut his vengeance with her blood.
Then the right Elephant with martial pride
Rov'd here and there, and spread his terrors wide :
Glittering in arms from far a courser came,
Threaten'd at once the King and Royal Dame ;
Thought himself safe when he the post had seiz'd,
And with the future spoils his fancy pleas'd.
Fir'd at the danger a young Archer came,
Rush'd on the foe, and levell'd sure his aim ;
(And though a Pawn his sword in vengeance
draws,

Gladly he'd lose his life in glory's cause).

The whistling arrow to his bowels flew,
And the sharp steel his blood profusely drew ;
He drops the reins, he totters to the ground,
And his life issu'd murmur'ring through the wound.
Pierc'd by the Foot, this Archer bit the plain ;
The Foot himself was by another slain ;
And with inflam'd revenge, the battle burns }
again.

Towers, Archers, Knights, meet on the crimson
ground,

And the field echoes to the martial sound.

Their thoughts are heated, and their courage
fir'd,

Thick they rush on with double zeal inspir'd ;
Generals and Foot, with different colour'd mien,)
Confus'dly warring in the camps are seen,—
Valour and Fortune meet in one promiscuous }
scene.

Now these victorious, lord it o'er the field ;

Now the foe rallies, the triumphant yield :

Just as the tide of battle ebbs or flows.

As when the conflict more tempestuous grows
Between the winds, with strong and boisterous
sweep

They plough th' Ionian or Atlantic deep !
By turns prevails the mutual blustering roar,
And the big waves alternate lash the shore.

But in the midst of all the battle rag'd
The snowy Queen, with troops at once engag'd ;
She fell'd an Archer as she sought the plain,—
As she retir'd an Elephant was slain :
To right and left her fatal spears she sent,
Burst through the ranks, and triumph'd as she
went ;

Through arms and blood she seeks a glorious fate,
Pierces the farthest lines, and nobly great
Leads on her army with a gallant show,
Breaks the battalions, and cuts through the foe.
At length the sable King his fears betray'd,
And begg'd his military consort's aid :
With cheerful speed she flew to his relief,
And met in equal arms the female chief.

Who first, great Queen, and who at last did
bleed ?

How many Whites lay gasping on the mead ?
Half dead, and floating in a bloody tide,
Foot, Knights, and Archer lie on every side.
Who can recount the slaughter of the day ?
How many leaders threw their lives away ?
The chequer'd plain is fill'd with dying box,
Havoc ensues, and with tumultuous shocks
The different colour'd ranks in blood engage,
And Foot and Horse promiscuously rage.
With nobler courage and superior might

The dreadful Amazons sustain the fight,
Resolv'd alike to mix in glorious strife,
Till to imperious fate they yield their life.

Meanwhile each Monarch, in a neighbouring
cell,

Confin'd the warriors that in battle fell,
There watch'd the captives with a jealous eye,
Lest, slipping out again, to arms they fly.
But Thracian Mars, in steadfast friendship join'd
To Hermes, as near Phœbus he reclin'd,
Observ'd each chance, how all their motions bend,
Resolv'd if possible to serve his friend.
He a Foot-soldier and a Knight purloin'd
Out from the prison that the dead confin'd ;
And slyly push'd 'em forward on the plain ;
Th' enliven'd combatants their arms regain,
Mix in the bloody scene, and boldly war again. }

So the foul hag, in screaming wild alarms,
O'er a dead carcase muttering her charms
(And with her frequent and tremendous yell
Forcing great Hecate from out of hell),
Shoots in the corpse a new fictitious soul ;
With instant glare the supple eyeballs roll,
Again it moves and speaks, and life informs the }
whole.

Vulcan alone discern'd the subtle cheat ;
And wisely scorning such a base deceit,
Call'd out to Phœbus. Grief and rage assail
Phœbus by turns ; detected Mars turns pale.
Then awful Jove with sullen eye reprov'd
Mars, and the captives order'd to be mov'd
To their dark caves ; bid each fictitious spear
Be straight recall'd, and all be as they were.

And now both Monarchs with redoubl'd rage
Led on their Queens, the mutual war to wage.
O'er all the field their thirsty spears they send,
Then front to front their Monarchs they defend.
But lo ! the female White rush'd in unseen,
And slew with fatal haste the swarthy Queen ;
Yet, soon, alas ! resign'd her royal spoils,
Snatch'd by a shaft from her successful toils.
Struck at the sight, both hosts in wild surprise
Pour'd forth their tears, and fill'd the air with cries ;
They wept and sigh'd, as pass'd the fun'ral train,
As if both armies had at once been slain.

And now each troop surrounds its mourning chief,
To guard his person, or assuage his grief.
One is their common fear ; one stormy blast
Has equally made havoc as it pass'd.
Not all, however, of their youth are slain ;
Some champions yet the vig'rous war maintain.
Three Foot, an Archer, and a stately Tower,
For Phœbus still exert their utmost power.
Just the same number Mercury can boast,
Except the Tower, who lately in his post
Unarm'd inglorious fell, in peace profound,
Pierced by an Archer with a distant wound ;
But his right Horse retain'd its mettled pride,—
The rest were swept away by war's strong tide.

But fretful Hermes, with despairing moan,
Griev'd that so many champions were o'erthrown,
Yet reassumes the fight ; and summons round
The little straggling army that he found,—
All that had 'scap'd from fierce Apollo's rage,—
Resolv'd with greater caution to engage
In future strife, by subtle wiles (if fate

Should give him leave) to save his sinking state.
The sable troops advance with prudence slow,
Bent on all hazards to distress the foe.
More cheerful Phœbus, with unequal pace,
Rallies his arms to lessen his disgrace.
But what strange havoc everywhere has been ! }
A straggling champion here and there is seen ; }
And many are the tents, yet few are left within. }

Th' afflicted Kings bewail their consorts dead,
And loathe the thoughts of a deserted bed ;
And though each monarch studies to improve
The tender mem'ry of his former love,
Their state requires a second nuptial tie.
Hence the pale ruler with a love-sick eye
Surveys th' attendants of his former wife,
And offers one of them a royal life.
These, when their martial mistress had been slain,
Weak and despairing tried their arms in vain ;
Willing, howe'er, amidst the Black to go,
They thirst for speedy vengeance on the foe.
Then he resolves to see who merits best,
By strength and courage, the imperial vest ;
Points out the foe, bids each with bold design
Pierce through the ranks, and reach the deepest
line :

For none must hope with monarchs to repose
But who can first, through thick surrounding foes,
Through arms and wiles, with hazardous essay,
Safe to the farthest quarters force their way.
Fir'd at the thought, with sudden, joyful pace
They hurry on ; but first of all the race
Runs the third right-hand warrior for the prize,—
The glitt'ring crown already charms her eyes.

Her dear associates cheerfully give o'er
The nuptial chase ; and swift she flies before,
And Glory lent her wings, and the reward in store. }
Nor would the sable King her hopes prevent,
For he himself was on a Queen intent,
Alternate, therefore, through the field they go.
Hermes led on, but by a step too slow,
His fourth left Pawn : and now th' advent'rous
White
Had march'd through all, and gain'd the wish'd-
for site.

Then the pleas'd King gives orders to prepare
The crown, the sceptre, and the royal chair,
And owns her for his Queen : around exult
The snowy troops, and o'er the Black insult.

Hermes burst into tears,—with fretful roar
Fill'd the wide air, and his gay vesture tore.
The swarthy Foot had only to advance
One single step ; but oh ! malignant chance !
A tower'd Elephant, with fatal aim,
Stood ready to destroy her when she came :
He keeps a watchful eye upon the whole,
Threatens her entrance, and protects the goal.
Meanwhile the royal new-created bride,
Pleas'd with her pomp, spread death and terror wide ;
Like lightning through the sable troops she flies,
Clashes her arms, and seems to threat the skies.
The sable troops are sunk in wild affright,
And wish th' earth op'ning snatch'd 'em from her
sight.

In burst the Queen, with vast impetuous swing : }
The trembling foes come swarming round the }
King,

Where in the midst he stood, and form a valiant }
ring.

So the poor cows, straggling o'er pasture land,
When they perceive the prowling wolf at hand,
 Crowd close together in a circle full,
And beg the succour of the lordly bull ;
They clash their horns, they low with dreadful
sound,

And the remotest groves re-echo round.

But the bold Queen, victorious, from behind
Pierces the foe ; yet chiefly she design'd
Against the King himself some fatal aim,
And full of war to his pavilion came.
Now here she rush'd, now there ; and had she been
But duly prudent, she had slipp'd between,
With course oblique, into the fourth white square,
And the long toil of war had ended there,
The King had fall'n, and all his sable state ;
And vanquish'd Hermes curs'd his partial fate.
For thence with ease the championess might go,
Murder the King, and none could ward the blow,

With silence, Hermes, and with panting heart,
Perceiv'd the danger, but with subtle art
(Lest he should see the place) spurs on the foe,
Confounds his thoughts, and blames his being slow.
For shame ! move on ; would you for ever stay ?—
What sloth is this, what strange perverse delay ?—
How could you e'er my little pausing blame ?—
What ! you would wait till night shall end the game ?
Phœbus, thus nettled, with imprudence slew
A vulgar Pawn, but lost his nobler view.
Young Hermes leap'd, with sudden joy elate ;
And then, to save the monarch from his fate,

Led on his martial Knight, who stepp'd between,
Pleas'd that his charge was to oppose the Queen—
Then, pondering how the Indian beast to slay,
That stopp'd the Foot from making farther way,—
From being made a Queen ; with slanting aim
An Archer struck him ; down the monster came,
And dying shook the earth : while Phœbus tries
Without success the monarch to surprise.
The Foot, then uncontroll'd with instant pride,
Seiz'd the last spot, and mov'd a royal bride.
And now with equal strength both war again,
And bring their second wives upon the plain ;
Then, though with equal views each hop'd and
fear'd,
Yet, as if every doubt had disappear'd,
As if he had the palm, young Hermes flies
Into excess of joy ; with deep disguise,
Extols his own Black troops, with frequent spite
And with invective taunts disdains the White.—
Whom Phœbus thus reprov'd with quick return—
As yet we cannot the decision learn
Of this dispute, and do you triumph now ?
Then your big words and vauntings I'll allow,
When you the battle shall completely gain ;
At present I shall make your boasting vain.
He said, and forward led the daring Queen ;
Instant the fury of the bloody scene
Rises tumultuous, swift the warriors fly
From either side to conquer or to die.
They front the storm of war ; around 'em Fear,
Terror, and Death, perpetually appear.
All meet in arms, and man to man oppose,
Each from their camp attempts to drive their foes ;

Each tries by turns to force the hostile lines ;
Chance and impatience blast their best designs.
The sable Queen spread terror as she went
Through the mid ranks : with more reserv'd intent
The adverse dame declin'd the open fray,
And to the King in private stole away :
Then took the royal guard, and bursting in,
With fatal menace close besieg'd the King.
Alarm'd at this, the swarthy Queen, in haste,
From all her havoc and destructive waste
Broke off, and her contempt of death to show,
Leap'd in between the monarch and the foe,
To save the King and state from this impending
blow.

But Phœbus met a worse misfortune here :
For Hermes now led forward, void of fear,
His furious Horse into the open plain,
That onward chaf'd, and pranc'd, and paw'd
amain.
Nor ceas'd from his attempts until he stood
On the long-wish'd-for spot, from whence he could
Slay King or Queen. O'erwhelm'd with sudden
fears,

Apollo saw, and could not keep from tears.
Now all seem'd ready to be overthrown ;
His strength was wither'd, ev'ry hope was flown.
Hermes, exulting at this great surprise,
Shouted for joy, and fill'd the air with cries ;
Instant he sent the Queen to shades below,
And of her spoils made a triumphant show.
But in return, and in his mid career,
Fell his brave Knight, beneath the Monarch's spear.
Phœbus, however, did not yet despair,

But still fought on with courage and with care.
He had but two poor common men to show,
And Mars's favourite with his iv'ry bow.
The thoughts of ruin made 'em dare their best
To save their King, so fatally distress'd.
But the sad hour requir'd not such an aid ;
And Hermes breath'd revenge where'er he stray'd.
Fierce comes the sable Queen with fatal threat,
Surrounds the monarch in his royal seat :
Rush'd here and there, nor rested till she slew
The last remainder of the whiten'd crew.
Sole stood the King, the midst of all the plain,
Weak and defenceless, his companions slain,
As when the ruddy morn ascending high
Has chas'd the twinkling stars from all the sky,
Your star, fair Venus, still retains its light,
And, loveliest, goes the latest out of sight.
No safety's left, no gleams of hope remain ;
Yet did he not as vanquish'd quit the plain,
But tried to shut himself between the foe,—
Unhurt through swords and spears he hoped to go,
Until no room was left to shun the fatal blow }
For if none threaten'd his immediate fate,
And his next move must ruin all his state,
All their past toil and labour is in vain,
Vain all the bloody carnage of the plain,— }
Neither would triumph then, the laurel neither }
gain.

Therefore through each void space and desert tent,
By different moves his various course he bent :
The Black King watch'd him with observant eye,
Follow'd him close, but left him room to fly.
Then when he saw him take the farthest line,

He sent the Queen his motions to confine,
And guard the second rank, that he could go
No farther now than to that distant row.
The sable monarch then with cheerful mien
Approach'd, but always with one space between.
But as the King stood o'er against him there,
Helpless, forlorn, and sunk in his despair,
The martial Queen her lucky moment knew,
Seized on the farthest seat with fatal view, }
Nor left th' unhappy King a place to flee unto. }
At length in vengeance her keen sword she draws, }
Slew him, and ended thus the bloody cause : }
And all the gods around approv'd it with }
applause.

The victor could not from his insults keep,
But laugh'd and sneer'd to see Apollo weep.
Jove call'd him near, and gave him in his hand
The powerful, happy, and mysterious wand
By which the Shades are call'd to purer day,
When penal fire has purged their sins away ;
By which the guilty are condemn'd to dwell
In the dark mansions of the deepest hell ;
By which he gives us sleep, or sleep denies,
And closes at the last the dying eyes.
Soon after this, the heavenly victor brought
The game on earth, and first th' Italians taught.

For (as they say) fair Scacchis he espied
Feeding her cygnets in the silver tide
(Scacchis, the loveliest Seriad of the place),
And as she stray'd, took her to his embrace.
Then, to reward her for her virtue lost,
Gave her the men and chequer'd board, emboss'd
With gold and silver curiously inlay'd ;

And taught her how the game was to be play'd.
Ev'n now 'tis honour'd with her happy name ;
And Rome and all the world admire the game.
All which the Seriads told me heretofore,
When my boy-notes amus'd the Serian shore.



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